

53rd FIGHTER SQUADRON HISTORY

Activated on New Years Day 1941, flying the P-26, P-36 and the P-40 out of Albrook Field, the 53rd were tasked with the defence of the Panama Canal Zone.

In May 1943, the 53rd re-deployed to the United States to train in the P-47 Thunderbolt prior to deploying to Kingsnorth, England on 4 April 1944 as part of the 9th Air Force. Within a month, the Tigers were involved in the air offensive in support of D-Day operations. After the liberation of France, the Tigers deployed to seven bases in France to support General Patton's 3rd Army. Tiger pilots distinguished themselves by earning two Presidential Unit Citations and the Belgian Fourrage.

In May 1945, the 53rd deployed to Germany. In February, 1946, the squadron was deactivated. It was reactivated in October 1946 in the Canal Zone, flying the P-47 and the P-80. In July 1948 they became the first jet fighter unit assigned to Europe, at Furstenfeldbruck, Germany as part of the 36th Fighter Bomber Wing.

They then transitioned to the F-84. During August 1952, they moved to Bitburg Air Base and transitioned to the F-86, which they flew until 1955, when they transitioned to the F-100 Super Sabre.

After a temporary move to Landstuhl Air Base in 1956 the 53rd returned to Bitburg in 1961. Since then, they distinguished themselves as the first unit in Europe to receive such jets as the F-105 Thunderchief, F-4 Phantom II and the F-15 Eagle. During this period the 53rd transformed from a fighter bomber squadron to a real fighter squadron.

During the Iraq / Kuwait crises the squadron distinguished itself during Operation Desert Shield / Desert Storm. Deployed from December 1990 to July 1991, the Tigers operated out of a bare base in Saudi Arabia and successfully controlled the skies over Iraq. The squadron accumulated more hours of combat time than any other fighter unit in Desert Storm and was credited with eleven confirmed kills while sustaining no losses.

The Tigers proudly fly the latest F-15C equipped with advanced avionics and weaponry. In 1994, as part of the downsizing of USAFE and the deactivation of the 36th Tactical Fighter Wing, the squadron left Bitburg and transferred to the nearby base of Spangdahlem and the 52 Fighter Wing.



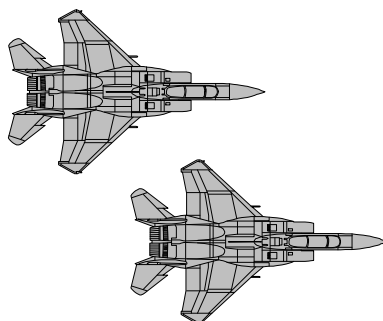
One of the latest operations of the squadron is flying missions for Deny Flight over Bosnia from Aviano Air Base.

The unit was disbanded in March 1999, and aircraft were transferred to several units in the UK and the USA

53rd FIGHTER SQUADRON PATCHES



53 NATO TIGERS



Combat Songbook

1996

*Dedicated to the memory
of*

Maj Donald “Zane” Lowry
Fighter Pilot
1959-1995

Blue Four

There is a fireball down there on the hillside,
And I think maybe we’ve lost a friend.
But we’ll keep on flying, and we’ll keep on dying,
For duty and honor never end.

There’s an upended glass on the table,
Down in front of a lone empty chair.
Yesterday, we were with him, today God be with him,
Forever he is in your care.

They were four when they took off this morning,
And their duty was there in the sky.
Only three jets returning, Blue Four ain’t returning,
To Blue Four, then, hold your glasses high.

Introduction

A fighter pilot’s primary job is to roam his allotted airspace in a manner which he deems fit, turning bad guys into hair, teeth and eyeballs, then come home, drink like a fish, toast his fallen comrades, and chase everything lacking a dick between its legs. The next best thing to doing this primary job, is to get hammered beyond recognition and sing rude songs about it. With this in mind, this songbook is not intended to be an all-encompassing reference volume, cataloging every fighter pilot song known to man. Instead, this is a combat songbook, if you will. It is intended to be used on Friday nights, or any other night of the week, when brain cells are being depleted to the point where some sort of reference is needed to jog your waning cognizant memory. This book has been compiled from sources way to numerous and varied to be listed here. In fact, even if it was easy to do, we probably wouldn’t list them because we damn well don’t feel like it. There are also some passages contained in this book that may offend some women, children, and support personnel who are not entrusted with the ability to erase bad guys from the face of the earth with the twitch of a thumb. If this offends you, shut the fuck up, get back into your supporting position behind us and we’ll let you know when it’s safe to come out and help. That is all....

You love a lot of things if you live around them.
But there isn't any woman and there isn't any horse,
not any before or any after,
that is as lovely as a great airplane.
And men who love them are faithful to them
even though they may leave them for others.
Man has one virginity to lose in fighters,
and if it is a lovely airplane he loses it to,
there is where his heart will forever be.
- Ernest Hemingway

The Air Force Song

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder, climbing high into the sun.
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder, at 'em boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flames from under, off with one helluva roar.
We live in fame or go down in flame, nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder, sent it high into the blue.
Hands of men blasted the world asunder, how they lived, God only knew.
Souls of men, dreaming of skies to conquer, gave us wings ever to soar.
With scouts before and bombers galore, nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

Here's a toast to the host of those who love the vastness of the sky.
To a friend, we'll send a message of his brother men who fly.
We'll drink to those who gave their all of old,
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
Here's a toast to the host of the men we boast, the U.S. Air Force.

Off we go, into the blue sky yonder, keep your wings level and true.
If you live to be a gray haired wonder, keep your nose out of the blue.
Flying men guarding our nation's borders, we'll be there followed by more.
In echelon, we carry on, for nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

Why I Want To Be A Pilot

When I grow up, I want to be a pilot because it's a fun job and easy to do. That's why there are so many pilots flying around these days. Pilots don't need much school. They just have to learn to read numbers so they can read their instruments. I guess they should be able to read a road map, too. Pilots should be brave so they won't get scared if it's foggy and they can't see or if a wing or motor falls off. Pilots have to have good eyes to see through clouds, and they can't be afraid of thunder or lightning because they are much closer to them than we are. The salary pilots make is another thing I like. They make more money than they know what to do with. This is because most people think flying a plane is dangerous, except pilots don't because they know how easy it is. I hope I don't get air-sick, because I get car-sick and if I get air-sick I couldn't be a pilot and then I would have to go to work.



Fuck Songs
and
Trash Tunes





How do all fighter pilot songs start?

Da, da... da, da... da, da.....Tits!!!

Adleline Schmidt

("Sweet Betsy From Pike")

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmidt,
Who went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit,
He gave her some medicine, all wrapped up in glass,
And up went the window and out went her ass.

Chorus:

It was brown, brown shit all around. Brown, brown shit all around.
It was brown, brown shit all around..
The whole world was covered with SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!

A handsome young copper was walking his beat.
He happened to be on that side of the street.
He looked up so inocent, he looked up so shy,
And a big piece of shit hit him right in the eye.

Chorus

That handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore.
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore.
And 'neath London Bridge you can still see him sit,
With a sign 'round his neck saying "Blinded by SHIT!"

Chorus



Tis of a rich mer chant who in Lam den did dwell. He

had but one daugh ter, an un com mon fine gal. Her name it was

Di nah, scarce six teen years old, With a ve ry large for tune in

sil ver and gold. Sing ing tu ra lal la ral lal tu ral lal lay.

Oh, your asshole's like a stovepipe, Nelly, darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green,
There's a million crabs a-bounding on your pussy,
Your the ugliest bitch I've ever seen.

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,
When you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass,
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,
So why not make one, dear, and shove it up your ass!

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky,
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly,
But now these hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by,
The Air Force is shot to hell.

Chorus:

Glorifying regulations, have them at every station.
Burn the ass of those that break them, the Air Force is shot to hell.

My bones have felt their pounding throb a hundred thousand strong,
A mighty airborne legion sent to right a deadly wrong,
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song,
The Air Force has gone to hell.

Chorus

I have seen them in their T-bolts when their eyes were dancing flame,
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name,
But now they fly like sissies and hang their heads in shame,
Their spirit's shot to hell.

Chorus

The Sabres in Korea drove the MiGs out of the sky,
The pilots were fearless men and not afraid to die,
But now the regs are written, you can kiss your ass goodbye,
The Air Force is shot to hell.

Chorus

They flew their rugged Thunderchiefs through a living hell of flak,
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back,
But now they all play ping-pong in the operations shack,
Their techniques have gone to hell.

Chorus

You heard the punding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel,
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel,
But now the O-2 charms you with its moanin', groanin' squeal,
And it will not climb for hell.

Chorus

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angel's game,
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame,
But now that's all verboten and we're all so fucking tame,
Our spirit's shot to hell.

Chorus

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap,
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap,
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that,
Or you will burn in hell.

Chorus

Have you ever climbed a Lightning up to where the air is thin,



Have you stuck her long nose downward just to hear the screamin' din,
 Have you tried to do it lately? Better not, you'll auger in,
 And then you'll sure catch hell.

Chorus

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old,
 When pilots took their choice of being old or young and bold,
 Alas, we have no choice and we'll live to be quite old,
 The Air Force has gone to hell.

Chorus

But smile awhile my pilot, though your eyes may still be wet,
 Some day we'll meet in heaven where the rules have not been set,
 And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let,
 The Air Force will fly like hell.

Final Chorus:

Glory no more regulations, rip them down at every station.
 Ground the guy that tries to make one, and let us fly like hell!

Air Corps Lament

The musical score for 'Air Corps Lament' consists of six staves of music in a single system. The melody is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The music is a lament, with a slow, mournful tempo. The lyrics are as follows:

John Brown's body lies a mould'rin' in his grave.
 John Brown's body lies a mould'rin' in his grave.
 John Brown's body lies a mould'rin' in his grave, His
 soul goes march'ing on. Glo ry glo ry hal e
 lu jah! Glo ry glo ry hal e lu jah! Glo ry
 glo ry hal e lu jah! His soul goes march'ing on.

The Argentinian Song

What shall we do with the Argentinians? (x3) Earlie in the morning....

Nuke, nuke, nuke the bastards, (x3) Earlie in the morning....

A-4 Skyhawk Stuff him up the arse with an Aim-9L.
Mirage III..... Smash him in the face with a Skyflash missile.
Pucahara..... Gun him on the ground before he's airborne.
Argie ground troops..... Nape, nape, napalm the bastards.
(with reverence):
Old Belgrano..... Send him to the bottom with a big torpedo
Argie widows..... Shoot their sons and fuck their daughters



The Ball (The Death of 69,000)

Group: Twas the night of the King's castration, and the King was throwing a ball...his left one. Counts, Discounts, and No-Accounts were seated at the table, shooting camel shit, for bullshit was unknown.

Queen: Balls!

Group: Cried the Queen.

Queen: If I had two, I'd be King.

Group: The King chuckled, not that he had to, but he had two. Up rode David on his dashing white steed. Up rode the King on his diamond studded jockstrap.

David: Where's the Princess?

Group: Cried David.

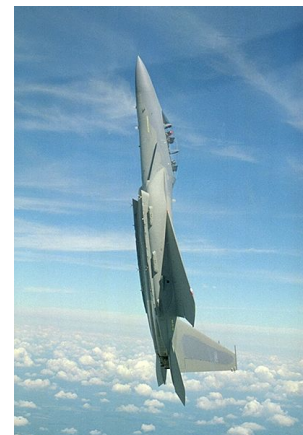
King: She's in bed with Diptheria.

Group: Said the King.

David: What?!!

Group: Cried David.

David: Is that Greek bastard back in town?



Group: And he was thrown to the lions for insolence. But the Lions couldn't hurt him, they hadn't won a game in years. But the Lions rose up anyway, and David grabbed one by the left nut.

Lion: That tickles!

Group: Said the Lion.

David: What tickles?

Group: Said David.

Lion: Testicles.

Group: Said the lion. And David was summoned to come forth. But David wanted to come first, so he tried to sneak to the front of the line. As he snuck around, he slipped on some camel shit. Shit flew at Random, Random ducked, and the shit hit the king in the face.

King: Shit!

Group: Said the King. And 69,000 squatted and groaned.

David: Where's the princess?

Group: Asked David.

King: Fuck the princess!

Group: Said the King. And 69,000 were trampled to death, for the King's word was law.

The Ballad of Yukon Pete

Well grab a glass and pull up a seat,
And I'll tell you a story of Big Ass Lil and Yukon Pete.

Lil was the village queen,
The fuckenest whore you've ever seen,
While most girls fucked with grace and ease,
Lil blew dick like the summer breeze.

But when she fucked, she fucked for keeps,
She piled her victims up in heaps.
And there was a rumor going around that town,
That no man could pull Lil's ass down.

But way up north where the twin rivers meet,
Lived a one balled half breed named Yukon Pete.
Now Pete was a dirty motherless soul,
Who fucked bear, sheep, and woodchuck holes.
And when he got a whiff of Big Ass Lil,
He packed up his rubbers and came down from the hill.

He strode into town on size thirty-two feet,
Dragging sixteen yards of that red hot meat.
Well the scene was set at windy mill,
By the brick shithouse high on the hill.
All the ladies gathered for a ringside seat,
Just to watch that halfbreed sink his meat.

Well they fucked and they fucked and they fucked for hours,
Uprooting trees, shrubs and flowers.
Lil did front flips, back flips, and other stunts,
All unknown to most common cunts.
But Pete caught on to every trick and just kept pumping in more dick.

Then Lil gave Pete that whorehouse squeeze,
Dropping that halfbreed down to his knees.
But Pete came back with a Yukon grunt,
That popped out her eyes and split open her cunt.

Well Lil rolled over, farted twice, then sighed,
She said, "Boys, I've been fucked," farted once more and died.

Well Lil had a sister named Tight Twat Tina,
Who was a little slimmer but a whole lot meaner.
She saddled her mule and rode into town,
Stopped in the square and pulled her pants down.

She said, "Where's that bastard they call Yukon Pete?
It's time for his dick to go down in defeat.
You fucked Lil to death and you called her a whore,
but now it is time that I even the score."

Well, Pete heard the challenge and he rode to the square,
And he found Tina there just a scratching her hair.
So he pulled down his pants and he pumped in a load,
Knocking that bitch right into the road.
But Tina got up and just shook off the sperm,
And said, "Not bad, boy, but now it's my turn."

She grabbed his cock and gave it a twist,
A fresh wad of cream oozed into her fist.
She stoked it with fury, she stoked it with lust,
She made him keep cumming until there was dust.

Well Pete tried for a hard-on, but his pecker was limp,
And all the ladies said, "Look, girls, Yukon Shrimp."
Yes, Pete was a howlin' and holdin' his balls,
But he said this is only the first of three falls.



He pumped up his pecker and aimed for her slit,
 But even with a crowbar, ain't no way it would fit.
 So he spit in his hand and he greased up his pole,
 And he aimed it once more for her tight little hole.

But Tina just laid down and rolled over in the street,
 Leaving Pete standing there slapping his meat.
 "Roll over," yelled Pete. "I'll be fucked if I do," said Tina,
 "You'll be cornholed if you don't," said Pete.

And cornholed she was, by a yard of Yukon cock,
 When Pete was done humping, her intestines were shocked!
 When all the boys asked him about his temendous feat,
 He said, "Boys, I'm heading back up to the Yukon to beat my meat."

The Balls of O'Leary ("The Bells of St. Mary's")

The balls of O'Leary, are wrinkled and hairy.
 They're shaped and stately like the dome of St. Pauls.
 The women all muster to view that great cluster,
 Oh, they stand and they stare at that bloody great pair of O'Leary's balls.

The Bells of Saint Mary

The bells of Saint Mary's, I hear they are calling, the young love, the
 true love to come from the sea; And now my be loved, when red leaves are
 falling. The bells, the bells, ring out, ring out, for you and me.

Balls To Your Partner

Oh, the king was in his counting house, counting out his wealth,
The queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself.

Chorus:

Balls to your partner, your ass against the wall.
If you've never been laid on a Saturday night, you've never been laid before.

Oh the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum, was the entrance to the womb.

Chorus

Oh, the parson's wife, she was there, seated down in front,
A wreath of roses round her neck, a carrot up her cunt.

Chorus

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness,
And when the ball was over, there were four and twenty less.

Chorus

Oh, the villiage parson he was there, and very surprised to see,
Four and twenty maidens hanging from a tree.

Chorus

Oh the parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits,
Diving off the mantle piece and landing on her tits.

Chorus

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the ricks,
You could not hear the music from the slushing of the pricks.

Chorus

They were fucking in the barley, they were fucking in the oats,
Some were fucking sheeps and some were fucking goats.

Chorus

Oh, the villiage craftsman he was there, his hammer and his awls,
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls.

Chorus

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs
You couldn't see the carpets through the cum and pubic hairs.

Chorus

Little Tommy he was there, but he was only eight.
He was too young to join the fun, so he had to masturbate.

Chorus

The villiage prostitute was there, just lying on the floor,
And everytime she spread her legs, the suction closed the door.

Chorus

The villiage vicker he was there, wrapped up in a shroud,
Hanging from a chandalier, and pissing on the crowd.

Chorus

The villiage idiot he was there, doing this and doing that,
Amusing himself by abusing himself, and catching it in his hat.

Chorus

The villiage blacksmith he was there, with balls made out of brass,
Everytime he took a step, sparks shot out his ass.

Chorus

The villiage school marm she was there, she was doing quite a stunt,
Sliding down the bannister and whistling through her cunt.

Chorus

The villiage idiot he was there, making like a fool,
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling through his tool.

Chorus

Oh, the villiage butcher he was there, cleaver in his hand,
And everytime he turned around, he circum sized a man.

Chorus

Oh, the villiage cripple he was there, not doing very much,
He lined them up against the wall and fucking 'em with his crutch.

Chorus

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest,
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.

Chorus

Bang, Bang Lulu

Some girls work in factories, some girls work in stores,
Lulu works behind a bar with fifty other whores.

Chorus:

Bang, bang Lulu, Lulu bang, bang,
What'll we do for bangin', when Lulu's dead and gone?

Wish I was a finger on Lulu's little hand.
Every time she wiped her ass, I'd see the promised land.

Chorus

Lulu had a baby, she named it Sonny Jim.
She threw it in the pisspot to teach him how to swim.

Chorus

Lulu had a baby, she had it on a rock,
She couldn't call it Lulu 'cause the bastard had a cock.

Chorus

Last time I saw Lulu, I haven't seen her since,
She was sucking off a client through a barbed wire fence.

Chorus

Wish I was a pisspot, under Lulu's bed,



Every time she stopped to pee, I'd see her maidenhead.

Chorus

Rich girls use a Kotex, poor girls use a rag,
Lulu's cunt is so damn big she uses a burlap bag.

Chorus

Rich girls use a Kotex, poor girls use a sheet,
Lulu don't use anything, it drips onto her feet.

Chorus

Barnacle Bill the Sailor

Who's that knocking at my door? Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door? Said the fair young maiden.

It's me and the crew and we've come to screw, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
It's me and the crew and we've come to screw, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

Who's that knocking at my door? (x3) Said the fair young maiden.
Open the door, you fucking whore, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (x2)

Who will take me to the dance? (x3) Said the fair young maiden.
To hell with the dance and drop your pants, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (x2)

What's that thing between your legs? (x3) Said the fair young maiden.
It's just me pole to stick in your hole, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (x2)

What's that stuff around your pole? (x3) Said the fair young maiden.
It's only me grass to tickle your ass, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (x2)

What's that dripping down your leg? (x3) Said the fair young maiden.
It's just the shot that missed your twat, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (x2)

What if Ma and Pa should come home early? (x3) Said the fair young maiden.
I'll fuck your Ma and kill your Pa, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (x2)

What if we should have a boy? (x3) Said the fair young maiden.
He'll go to sea and be like me, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (x2)

What if we should have a girl? (x3) Said the fair young maiden.
I'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (x2)

What if we should have twins? (x3) Said the fair young maiden.
I'll open your crack and shove them back, said Baracle Bill the Sailor. (x2)

What if we should go to jail? (x3) Said the fair young maiden.
I'll pick the lock with me ten foot cock, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (x2)

What if that should ever fail? (x3) Said the fair young maiden.
I'll knock down the wall with me ten ton balls, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

What if that should ever fail? (x3) Said the fair young maiden.
We'll get on the floor and do it some more, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (x2)

Beastiality

(*"Tie Me Kangaroo Down"*)

Beastiality's great, mate, beastiality's great, fuck a wallaby,
Beastiality's great, mate, beastiality's great.

In the ear of a deer, mate...	Put your sperm in a worm, mate....
Put your log in a dog, mate...	Shoot your load in a toad, mate....
Shove your tool in a mule, mate...	Slam your ham in a lamb, mate...
On the mat with a cat, mate...	Down the throat of a goat, mate....
In the tail of a snail, mate...	Up the ass of a bass, mate....
Go to sleep with a sheep, mate...	In the crack of a yak, mate....
On the rug with a slug, mate...	In the rear of a deer, mate....
Have a fuck with a duck, mate...	Put the slam on a clam, mate...
Fellatio with a rhino...	Up the hole of a mole. mate...
Push the turd of a bird, mate....	Up the sphincter of a panther, mate...
Shove your cock in a hawk, mate....	Put your dinger in a stinger, mate....
Suck the menstrual flow from a crow, mate...	

Tie Me Kangaroo Down



Blood Upon The Risers
(*"Battle Hymn Of The Republic"*)

He was just a rookie trooper and he surely shook with fright,
As he checked all his equipment and made sure his pack was tight.
He had to sit and listen to those awful engines roar,
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus:

Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

"Is everybody happy?" cried the sergeant looking up,
Our hero feebly answered, "Yes," and then they stood him up,
He jumped into the icy blast, his static line unhooked,
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

He counted loud, he counted long, he waited for the shock.
He felt the wind, he felt the cold, he felt the awful drop.
The canopy became his shroud, he hurtled to the ground,
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

The risers swung around his neck, connectors cracked his dome,
Suspension lines were tied in knots, around his skinny bones,

Chorus

The silk from his reserve silled out and wrapped around his legs,
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

The days he'd lived and loved and laughed kept running through his mind,
He thought about the girl back home, the one he'd left behind.
He thought about the medics and he wondered what they'd find.
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

The ambulance was on the spot, the jeeps were running wild.
The medics all clapped their hands, rolled up their sleeves and smiled.
For it had been a week or more since last a chute had failed.
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

He hit the ground, the sound was splat, the blood went spurting high.
His buddies all were heard to say, "A helluva way to die."
He lay there rolling round in the welter of his gore,
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus



There was blood upon the risers, there were brains upon the chute,
 Intestines were a'danglin' from his paratrooper suit.
 The medic gently picked him up and poured him from his boots,
 And he ain't gonna jump no more.
 Chorus

Battle Hymn of the Republic



John Brown's body lies a mould'rin' in his grave.

John Brown's body lies a mould'rin' in his grave.

John Brown's body lies a mould'rin' in his grave, His

soul goes march'ing on. Glo ry glo ry hal e

lu jah! Glo ry glo ry hal e lu jah! Glo ry

glo ry hal e lu jah! His soul goes march'ing on.



Bloody Great Wheel

A pilot once told me before he died, and I don't think that the bastard lied,
He had a wife with a cunt so damn wide, that she could never be satisfied.

So he invented a big prick of steel, driven by a bloody great wheel,
Two balls of brass all filled with cream,
And the whole fucking thing was driven by steam.

Round and round went that bloody great wheel,
In and out went that prick made of steel,
'Til at last this maiden did cry, "Enough, enough, I'm satisfied!"

Now we come to the bitter bit, there was no way of stopping it,
She was torn from her ass to her tit,
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit.

Blow Job (*"Blue Moon"*)

Boppity-bop-bop a dang-dang-dang a ding-a-dong ding dong

Blow job...You leave me gasping for air.
I'd like to come in mid-air and rub it into your hair.

Boppity-bop-bop a dang-dang-dang a ding-a-dong ding dong

Cunnilingus...I'd like to give you repast.
You'd suck a fart from my ass, you've got so goddamn much class.

And when you put your lips to my sweet penis,
I'd like to get something stiff between us,
You make me dream of passion on Venus,
And the way that you grease up your anus!

Boppity-bop-bop a dang-dang-dang a ding-a-dong ding dong

Blow job...You keep me gasping for air.
I'd like to come in mid-air and rub it into your hair.

Boppity-bop-bop a dang-dang-dang a ding-a-dong ding dong
Blow Job!!

Blow The Man Down

Blow the man down, Inga, blow the man down, Yoho, blow the man down,
Blow the man down, Ute, blow the man down, Steffi, go blow the man now.

You all better swallow, you'd better not spit, Yoho, blow the man down,
Lick all the cum drops, omit all the shit, Steffi, go blow the man now.

Suck on his balls now and eat out his ass, Yoho, blow the man down,
Show all the Tigers you've got lots of class, Steffi, go blow the man now

Brassiere (*"Blue Moon"*)

Brassiere, you hold the things I love so dear,
But when you stick them in my ear, it sends my heart in second gear, brassiere...

Your thighs, when parted right between my eyes,
It's only then I realize, I have a rise in my Levis, your thighs...

Rhythm:

Bass - Cunt, fuck cunt, fuck (Repeat for entire song)
Rhythm #1 - Suck that tit, bite that nipple off (Repeat)
Rhythm #2 - Stick it in and pull it out again (Repeat)

Bye Bye Cherry (*"Bye Bye Blackbird"*)

Back your ass against the wall, here I come balls and all, bye, bye cherry.
I know I ain't got a lot, but what I got will fill your twat, bye bye cherry.
I took her to my cottage in the wild woods,
And there I took advantage of her childhood.
Oh my God, it was nice, cherry bye bye.

Won't your mother be disgusted when she finds your cherry has been busted,
Bye bye cherry,
Wrap your legs a little tighter, I can feel my load is gettin' lighter.
Shake your ass and wiggle your tits 'til my little pecker spits,
Cherry bye bye.

By The Light (*"By The Light of the Silvery Moon"*)

By the light, ssh, ssh, ssh—ssh, ssh, ssh,
Of the flickering match, ssh, ssh, ssh—ssh, ssh, ssh,
I saw her snatch, ssh, ssh, ssh—ssh, ssh, ssh,

In the watermelon patch, oh yeah.

By the light, ssh, ssh, ssh—ssh, ssh, ssh,
Of the flickering match, ssh, ssh, ssh—ssh, ssh, ssh,
I saw her gleam, I heard her scream,
“You’re burning my snatch,” ssh, ssh, ssh—ssh, ssh, ssh,
“With your goddam match!”

Chunder in the Old Pacific Sea

I was down on Bandai Pier, sipping tubes of ice cold beer,
And I had a dozen prawns upon my knee.
When I finished the last prawn, had a technicolor yawn,
And I chundered in the old Pacific Sea.

Chorus:

Bring it up, bring it up, bring it up, throw it up, throw it up,
Have another dozen tubes and prawns with me.
If you want to throw you voce, mate, you’ve got no fucking choice,
Than to chunder in the old Pacific Sea.

I was swimming on the surf, with a mate of mine called Murph,
And he had a dozen tubes and prawns with me.
Well, he barely finished it, when he went for a big spit,
And he chundered in the old Pacific Sea.

Chorus

I’ve had liquid laughs in bars and I’ve hurled from moving cars,
And I’ve chundered when and where it pleases me,
But if I could choose the spot to regurgitate the lot,
I would chunder in the old Pacific Sea.

Chorus

I was down in Sydney town, throwing tubes of Fosters down,
When a sheila came along and accosted me
Well, I hurled upon her bum, I was just about to come,
When I chundered in the old Pacific Sea.

Chorus



Cold Winter's Evening

Twas a cold winters evening, the guests were all leaving,
O’Leary was closing the bar,
When he turned and he said to the lady in red,
“Get out, you can’t stay where you are.”

She shed a tear in a bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentlemen dapper stepped out of the crapper,
And these are the words that he said.

“Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know
About the ways of fighter pilots,
And how they come and go (mostly come).”

Now age has taken her beauty and sin has left its sad scar,
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys,
And let them sleep under the bar.

Come and Join The Air Force

Come and join the Air Force, we're a happy band they say,
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day.
While others work and study hard and soon grow old and blind,
You'll take to the air without a care and you will never mind.

Chorus:

You'll never mind, you'll never mind,
Oh come join the Air Force and you will never mind.

Promotions come upon you just as high as you desire,
You're riding on the gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer.
But just when you're about to be a general, you'll find,
The engines cough, the wings fall off, and you will never mind.

Chorus

One day you'll loop and spin her with an awful tear,
You'll find yourself without your wings but you will never care.
For in about two minutes more, another pair you'll find,
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet and you will never mind.

Chorus

You're flying across the ocean when you hear the engine spit,
You see the prop come to a stop, the goddamn engine's quit,
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind,
You'll be a dish for happy fish, but you will never mind.

Chorus

I'm flying in my Eagle jet along the Danish shore,
I'm loyal to the Air Force, but I'm rotten to the core.
I've only got to engines, Jack, and if those bastards quit,
It'll be up there by itself, 'cause I'm the kind to git.

Chorus

Maybe you'll ride the gravy train in administrative work,
Let the other guys light up the skies, why should you be a jerk?
You'll meet that higher officer to whom you've been assigned,
With your nose in place, not on your face, you will never mind.

Chorus

Come and Join the Air Force



Dear Mom

Knock, knock...Who's there?...Western Union....
A telegram for me? Would you sing it for me? I've never had a singing telegram before.
Ma'am, I don't think this is the kind of telegram you should sing.
Sing it!!!!
Well, O.K. Here it goes....

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today,
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Minh's highway.
He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass. Hmm, Hmm, Hmm.

He went across the fence to see what he could see,
And there it was as plain as it could be.

There was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load, Hmm, Hmm, Hmm.

He got right on the horn, and gave the DASC a call,

“Give me air, I’ve got a truck that’s stalled.”

The DASC said, “That’s alright, I’ll send you Tiger flight.” FOR WE ARE THE POWER!

The fighters checked right in, gunfighters two by two,

Low on gas and tanker overdue.

They asked the FAC to mark. just where the truck was parked, Hmm, Hmm, Hmm.

The Bronc, he rolled right in, with his smoke to mark,

Exactly where that fucking truck was parked.

But the rest is in doubt, because he never pulled out, Hmm, Hmm, Hmm.

(with reverence)

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today,

He crashed his OV-10 on Kim Il Sung’s highway.

He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass, Hmm, Hmm, Hmm.

Dear Son, your Mom is dead, she bought the farm today,

She crashed her Oldsmobile on the interstate highway.

It was a truck that she passed, when she busted her ass, Hmm, Hmm, Hmm.

Son’s coming home in a body bag, doo daa, doo daa,

Son’s coming home in a body bag, oh da doo da day.

Mother fucker’s dead, ate a piece of lead,

Son’s coming home in a body bag, oh da doo da day.

Him, him, fuck him. How did he go? Straight in!

What was he doin’? 351. Hell of a deal. Whooooooo-eeeeee!!



Do Your Balls Hang Low?

(“March Of The Tin Soldiers”)

Tiddly winks young man, get a woman if you can,

If you can’t get a woman get a clean old man.

From the lofty heights of Malta to the rock of Gibraltar,

Can you do the double shuffle with your balls in a can?

Do your balls hang low, do they swing to and fro?

Can you tie them in a knot? Can you tie them in a bow?

Can you throw them over your shoulder like a European soldier?

Do your balls hang low?

In the days of old when knights were bold, they shit right in their britches,

They wiped their ass with broken glass, those tough old sons-of-bitches.

Do your balls hang tight? Can you hide them in a fight?
Can you tuck them 'neath your arm? Can you keep them out of sight?
Are they tough enough to buckle up another man's hard knuckles?
Do your balls hang tight?

In days of old when knights were bold and women wore mere trifles,
They hung their balls upon the walls and shot them down with rifles.

Do your balls hang loose? As loose as a goose?
Can you slide them down the hall? Can you bounce them off the wall?
Does it ever make you stammer when you hit them with a hammer?
Do your balls hang loose?

In days of old when knights were bold and women weren't particular,
They bound them up against the wall and fucked them perpendicular.

Do your balls hang down? Way down to the ground?
Can you slide them on the ice? Can you crack them in a vice?
Does it make your breath come quick when you stick them with a pick?
Do your balls hang down?

In days of old when knights were bold, they all wore leather britches,
They beat their pricks with hickory sticks and yelled like sons-of -bitches!

The Eagle Driver

Beside the German Autobahn, the Eagle Driver lay,
His parachute was all in shreds, his helmet shot away.
His Eagle burned by a nearby tree, but he was not yet quite dead,
So listen to the story that the Eagle driver said:

He said, "I'm going to a better land, where everything's all right,
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles, play poker every night.
And all there is to do all day is sit around and sing,
The crewchiefs are all women. Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

Oh, Death, where is thy sting? (ding-a-ling)
Oh, Death, where is thy sting? (ding-a-ling)
The bells of hell may ring-a-ling-ling for you but not for me.

Oh ring-a-ding a-ding-ding, blow it out your ass.
Ring-a-ding a-ding-ding, blow it out your ass, (and singing)
Ring-a-ding a-ding-ding, blow it out your ass.
Better days are coming by and by, bullshit!



Eifel Lament
(*"Let It Snow"*)

When the weather outside is frightful, and your life depends on Eifel,
Unless flying is a last resort, ground abort, ground abort, ground abort.

When you finally leave the ground and the weather is three hundred and one,
You'd better be hanging around, 'cause Eifel is powered by the sun.

Well, the weather forecast is pretty, but the skies outside are shitty.
When the ball lands in your court, ground abort, ground abort, ground abort.

Airborne on the AD two one, you'd better not go very far.
A four-ship is not much fun with our solar powered PAR.

Back in the traffic pattern, you're sure to file a HATR,
If you fly you'll soon be a mort, ground abort, ground abort, ground abort.

Fighter Pilots
(*"If You're Happy and You Know It"*)

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell, Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
Oh the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers,
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Chorus

Chorus:

Singin' glorious, victorious, one keg of beer for the four of us,
Singin' glory be to God that there are no more of us,
'Cause one of us could drink it all alone.
Damn near, pass the beer to the rear of the squadron!

Chorus



Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States, Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States,
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores,
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States.

Chorus

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan, Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan,
They are all across the bay, getting shot at every day,
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan.

Chorus

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing, Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing,
The place is full of brass, sitting round on their fat ass,
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

Chorus

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the Navy, Oh there are no fighter pilots in the Navy,
They're all in BOQs, reading Nav Air News,
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the Navy.

Chorus

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray, Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray,
They're all at USO's, wearing ribbons, fancy clothes,
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray.

Chorus

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce, Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce,
With the auto-pilot on, reading Playboy on the john,
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce.

Chorus

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare, Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare,
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged,
Oh a bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Chorus

You can tell a navigator by his ass, You can tell a navigator by his ass,
Oh it's forty inches wide, getting wider every ride,
You can tell a navigator by his ass.

Chorus

Oh an airline pilot's life is mighty fine, Oh an airline pilot's life is mighty fine,
Flying in the friendly skies, putting hands on friendly thighs,
Oh an airline pilot's life is mighty fine.

Chorus

Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice,
If you ever do it once, you'll do it twice,
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population,
Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice.

Chorus

When a bomber pilot walks into our club, When a bomber pilot walks into our club,
He don't drink his share of suds. All he does is flub his dub.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell!!

Chorus

Fighter Pilots Eat Pussy

Chorus:

Aye, yi, yi, yi...

- 1st - Fighter pilots eat pussy...
- 2nd - Your mother swims after troop ships...
- 3rd - Your sister eats bat shit off cave walls...
- 4th - Your grandmother douches with drano...
- 5th - Your mother licks moose cum off pine cones...
- 6th - Your mother does squat thrusts on fireplugs...
- 7th - In China they do it for chili...
- 8th - Your sister chews lice off of scrotums...
- 9th - Your father refills cream donuts...
- 10th - Your sister eats eel sperm off driftwood...
- 11th - Your grandma flies better than you do...
- 12th - You can't say fuck in the O'Club...
- 13th - Your grandpa sucks old swollen tampons...
- 14th - Your sister sucks sperm off of sand crabs...
- 15th - Your flight suit smells like a goat fart...
- 16th - Your mother mauls monkeys in Morocco...
- 17th - Your father fucks frogs in the forest...
- 18th - Your grandma eats toe-jam from crocodiles...
- 19th - Your brother pukes twice a day and eats it....
- 20th - Your sister sucks boils off of buffaloes...
- 21st - Your father eats lunch at the sperm bank...
- 22nd - Your brother jacks off in confession...
- 23rd - Your mother's best friend is a carrot...



...So let's have another verse that's worse than the other verse,
And waltz me around by my willy.

Verses:

There once was a man from Boston, who traded his car for an Austin.
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas, but his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

Chorus

There was a young man from Dundee, who buggered an ape in a tree.
The result was most horrid, all ass and no forehead, three balls, and a purple goatee.

Chorus

There once was a girl from St. Paul, who went to a masquerade ball,
She had the affront, to go as a cunt, and got screwed by a dog in the hall.

Chorus

There was a young lady from Decatur, who was screwed by a big alligator,
Nobody knew the results of the screw, 'cause after he laid her he ate her.

Chorus

There once was a man of class, whose balls were made of brass,
When they swung together, they played Stormy Weather,
And lightning shot out of his ass.

Chorus

There was a young lady named Esther, who said to the man who undressed her,

“If you don’t mind, use the hole from behind, the front one’s beginning to fester.”

Chorus

There once was a young man from Sparta, who was the world champion farter,
On the strength of one bean,
He played “God Save the Queen” and Beethoven’s “Moonlight Sonata.”

Chorus

There once was a young man named Clyde, who fell in an outhouse and died,
Likewise his brother, who fell in another, and now they’re interred side by side.

Chorus

There once was a man from Rangoon, who was born by the light of the moon.
He had not the luck, to be born by a fuck, but a wet dream scooped up in a spoon.

Chorus

There once was a man from Dakota, who wouldn’t pay a whore what he owed her.
So with great savoir faire, she climbed in a chair, and pissed in his whiskey & soda

Chorus

There once was a boy from Baclaridge, and he was his parents disparage,
He sucked off his brother, and went down on his mother,
And ate up his sister’s miscarriage.

Chorus

The bride of a farmer named Zaker, was poked in her bed by the baker,
The baker cried, “What, you call this a twat?
Why the entrance is more than an acre.”

Chorus

There was a man from St. James, who played most unusual games.
He lit up a match to his grandmother’s snatch,
And laughed as she pissed through the flames.

Chorus

Cried an overhung fellow named Bowen, “My pecker keeps growin’ and growin’,
It’s got so tremendous, so long and stupendous, it’s no good for fuckin’ just showin’.”

Chorus

There’s once was a girl named Flo Varden, who went down on a guy in the garden.
He said, “Listen, Flo, where does all that stuff go?”
And she said, “(Gulp) Beg your parden?”

Chorus

There once was a pilot named Paul, whose cock was the longest of all,
This appendage of his, got him into show biz, with a royal performance on call.

Chorus

Now Paul found there’s trouble in fame, every whore in the villiage knew his name.
And their unhidden fear, of his fantastic gear, put a halt to old Paul’s favorite game.

Chorus

Now in hopes of relief to Seoul he went, our pilot, Paul, with his dick bent,
And though folded in half, the whores still feared his shaft, and the bend in his tool made a dent.

Chorus



In Pusan, with a girl to his taste, Paul dropped his drawers and entered in haste,
But he didn't unfold, when he entered her hole,
And he spilled his whole wad, what a waste!

Chorus

There once was a pilot from K-2, who bugged a girl down in Taegu.
He said to the doc, as he handed him his cock, "Will I lose both my testicles, too?"

Chorus

In the garden of Eden sat Adam, with his hand on the butt of his madam,
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on this earth,
There were only two balls and he had 'em.

Chorus

There was an old hermit named Dave, who kept a dead whore in his grave.
He said, "I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit, but think of the money I'll save."

Chorus

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno, said, "Fucking is one thing I do know,
All women are fine, and sheep are devine, but llamas are numero uno!"

Chorus

There once was a captain named Tuck, who went in the ville for a fuck.
He spread open her legs, found ten cockroach eggs, three boogers,
Some scabs, and green muck.

Chorus

Now later when Tuck wiped his chin, he smiled and said with a grin,
"Didn't take her to heart, till she sprayed out a fart,
That tasted like bird shit and gin."

Chorus

There once was a man from New Brighton, who said, "My dear, you've a tight one."
She said, "Oh, my soul, you have the wrong hole.
It's the one up in front that's the right one."

Chorus

There once was a man from Trieste, who loved his wife with a zest.
Despite all her howls, he sucked out her bowels, and deposited the mess on her breast.

Chorus

I once asked a lady named Pott, "Why does sucking your tits make you hot?"
"Well if you must be blunt, it signals my cunt, that it's going to get what you've got."

Chorus

There was a young bishop from Birmingham,
Who diddled the nuns while confirming them.
He brought them indoors, slipped down their drawers,
And slipped his Episcopal worm in them.

Chorus



A fighter pilot named Tucker, while instructing a novice cocksucker.
Said, "Don't puff 'em out like you're blowin' you're snout.
Be gentle and work with a pucker."

Chorus

There was a young man from Nottingham, who stood at the bridge at Buckingham.
Just watching the stunt, of the cunts and the punks,
And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em.

Chorus

A young preacher who was new to some, at persuasion was surely to hum.
He preached fornication to the whole congregation,
And was washed down the aisle in cum.

Chorus

There was a young man from Kildair, who buggered his girl on the stairs.
The bannister broke, he doubled the stroke, and finished her off in midair.

Chorus

There was a lady from Gibraltar, who accidentally fell into the water.
By her howls and her squeals, you could tell that the eels, had found her sexual quarter.

Chorus

There was a young queer from Khartoum, who took a young lesbian to his room,
They argued all night as to who had the right, to do what, with which, and with whom?

Chorus

Oh, the Romans had great spacious halls, in which they had sexual brawls.
Which would last, so they say, for a week and a day.
There's no doubt the bastards had balls!

Chorus

There once was a man from Savannah, with a most peculiar manner,
He bored a hole in a telephone pole, and electrocuted his banana.

Chorus

There was a young girl from St. Paul, who wore a newspaper dress to the ball.
Her dress caught fire and burned her entire, front page, sports section and all.

Chorus

There was a man named McGruder, who wooed a nude in Bermuda,
Now the nude thought it was crude, to be wooed in the nude,
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her.

Chorus

The once was a man from Peru, who fell asleep while in his canoe.
He dreamed about Venus and played with his penis, and woke with a handful of goo.

Chorus

There once was a man from Nantucket, whose dick was so long he could suck it.
He said with a grin as he wiped off his chin, if my ear were a cunt I could fuck it.

Chorus

There once was a farmer named Fritz, who planted an acre of tits.
They came up in fall, pink nipples and all, and he literally chewed them to bits.

Chorus

There once was a young man from Kent, whose dick was so long that it bent.
To save himself trouble, he put it in double, and instead of cumming, he went.

Chorus

There once was a man from Algiers, who screwed his wife under the piers.
A fish came along and bit off his dong, so he ordered a new one from Sears.

Chorus

There once was a girl named Alice, who used a dynamite stick for a phallus.
They found her vagina, in South Carolina, and a piece of her hymen in Dallas.

Chorus

There once was a girl from Norway, who hung by her heels in the doorway.
She said with a grin, to her boyfriend, I think I've discovered one more way.

Chorus

The was a professor from the Mall, who possessed a hexhydroginal ball.
The square root its weight, plus his pecker times eight,
Was four-fifths of five-eighths of fuck all.

Chorus

There was a young man from Isis, who had balls of two different sizes.
One was so small, it was nothing at all, the other was huge and won prizes.

Chorus

There once was a girl from France, who boarded a train by chance.
The engineer fucked her, and so'd the conductor, and the brakeman went off in his pants.

Chorus

There once was a cock from the sticks, who didn't like cunts only dicks.
He told MPC, find a place for me, now he's one of the boys checking six.

Chorus

There once was a man from Bombay, who fashioned a cunt out of clay.
The heat of his prick turned the clay into brick, and rubbed all his foreskin away.

Chorus

There once was a monk from Mongolia, whose life just got lonlier and lonlier.
One night just for fun, he took out a nun, and now she's a Mother Superior.

Chorus

There once was a girl named Gail, between her tits was the price of her tail.
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind, was the same information in Braille.

Chorus

There once was a pirate named Bates, who was learning to rhumba on skates.
He fell on his cutlass, which rendered him nutless, and practically useless on dates.

Chorus



The Flag

The flag flies high on the masthead.
We'll fight for the freedom of the Reich — Sieg Heil!!
No longer will we tremble against England's military might.

Chorus:

So give me your hand fraulein, your lilly whote hand, fraulein.
For tonight we fly against England, England,
England's island shores, island shores, island shores — Sieg Heil!!

And if I fall in battle, and sink to the bottom of the sea — Big Splash!!
Remember this, my fraulein, my blood was shed for thee.

Chorus



Fox One In The Face (*"Strangers In The Night"*)

Fox one in the face, you never saw it.
Fox one in the face, you really bought it.
At the merge today, we blew your shit away.

Then we came back 'round, you had no S.A.
GCI was down, we came back to play.
Limas and gunshots, we finished off the rest.

TTiger jets at night, our hair's on fire.
Tiger jets at night, heroes for hire.
But when the sun goes down, we'll all be downtown,
Drinking with your wives and girlfriends, while you mend your little egos.

Next time that we meet, there'll be no question,
Who you'll have to beat, in any action,
No one fucks or fights like the Mighty Tigers at night!

Friggin' In The Riggin'

Aboard the good ship Venus, my God you should have seen us,
The figure head was a whore in bed and the mast an upright penis.

Chorus:

Friggin' in the riggin', friggin' in the riggin',
Friggin' in the riggin', there's fuck all else to do.

The captain of this lugger, by God he was a bugger.
He wasn't fit to shovel shit from one place to another.

Chorus

The first mate's name was Morgan, by God he was a gorgon,
Ten times a day he used to play upon his sexual organ.

Chorus

The second mate was Andy, he was so young and randy,
They boiled his bun in steaming rum for coming in the brandy.

Chorus

The midshipman's name was Nipper, he was a dirty ripper,
He filled his ass with broken glass to circumcise the skipper.

Chorus

The quartermaster was Pember, he had a crushing member.
On nights of frost, himself he tossed before a glowing ember.

Chorus

The bosun's name was Walker, he really was a corker,
The filthy man was on the lam for dalliance with a porker.

Chorus

The captain's wife was Mabel. Whenever she was able,
She'd fornicate with the second mate, uopn the gallery table.

Chorus

Once in a drunken frolic, the bosun lost a bollock,
With foul intent, on Mabel bent, he impaled it on a rowlock.

Chorus

The captain had a daughter, who fell into the water,
Delighted squeals revealed that eels had found her sexual quarter.

Chorus

The ship's dog's name was Rover, by God he was in clover,
We ground and ground that faithful hound, from Tenereefe to Dover.

Chorus

The crew, they were hard cases, you could see it in their faces,
They took to frigging in the rigging for want of better places.

Chorus

So drunk with exultation, we reached our China station,
And sunk the junk in a sea of spunk caused by mutual masturbation.

Chorus



G-Suits and Parachutes (“Bell Bottom Trousers”)

Once there was a barmaid down in Brewery Lane,
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same,
Along came a pilot, handsome as he could be,
He was the cause of all her misery!

Chorus:

Singing G-suits and parachutes and uniforms of blue,
He'll fly a fighter like his daddy used to.

Now in the morning before the break of day,
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her he did say:
“Take this my darling, for all the harm I’ve done,
For you may have a daughter and you may have a son.
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair,
But if you have a son, get that bastard in the air!”

Chorus

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see,
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee.
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly,
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by.

Final Chorus:

Singing G-suits and parachutes and uniforms of blue,
She'll never fly a fighter like her daddy used to do!



Bell Bottom Trousers



Gang Bang

Knock, knock....Who's there?....Anita....Anita who?

Chorus

I need a gang bang, and always will, because a gang bang gives me such a thrill.
When I was younger and in my prime, I used to gang bang all the time.
But now I'm older and turning gray, I only gang bang once a day.

Karen

I need a fuck, I need a suck and ain't carin' who.

Gladiator

Gladiator out before I gang banged, I always will....

Ben Hur

I'd Ben Hur over for a gang bang, I always will....

Eileen

Eileen over for a gang bang, I always will....

Emerson

Emerson nice tits, bitch. How'd you like to gang bang?....

Eisenhower

Eisenhower late to the gang bang, I always will....

Rhoda

I Rhoda hundred miles to the gang bang, I always will....

Wilma

I need to fuck but my zipper's stuck, will my finger do?

Banana

Banana nana, nananana, Nanananana nana nanana....

Orange

Orange you glad I didn't say banana nana, nananana....

Sheila

Sheila's to gang bang, she always will....

Wanda

I Wanda gang bang, I always will....

Euripedes

Euripedes clothes off for a gang bang, and always will....



Ghost Fuckers In The Sky

An old cowpoke went riding out one dark and windy day,
Stopped beneath a shady tree and paused to beat his meat,
When all at once a slant-eyed bitch came ridin' down the trail,
He stopped her and he asked her, "How 'bout a piece of tail?"

Chorus:

Yipee-yi-yaaaaaa, Yipee-yi-yooooooo,
Ghost fuckers in the sky.

Her tits were all a floppin', her cunt ate out with clap,
He socked it to her anyway and gave her ass a slap,
She shit, she moaned, she groaned, she threw him from her crack,
He rolled across the desert and broke his fucking back.



Goodnight, You Tiger Ladies

("Rockabye Sweet Baby James")

There was a young Tiger who lived for the range,
A stick and a throttle were his favorite companions,
And Death he would saddle as he screamed down the canyons,
Living the fast life, his hair all aflame,
And as the moon rose he would pull back his fire,
Bring her on home, time to call it a day,
With engines shut down to the bar he'd retire,
With beer and guitar he would sit down and play,
A song that had nothing to say, except...

Chorus:

Goodnight, you Tiger Ladies, when I'm flyin', I'm feelin' no pain,
A sky of blue is the color I choose, and if I ever go down in my plane,
In my heart your love will remain.



It was early December when in came the news,
 The border'd been crossed and a war was a growin',
 And the dice had been tossed, 4-5-6 was a showin',
 This Tiger took off to pay Saddam his dues.
 Nearing Key West with a MiG in his sights,
 He hit the pickle button, watched the missile fly away,
 The Mig, it blew up, but a SAM had been fired,
 A small price of freedom was flying his way,
 This Tiger won't be home today...

Chorus

(Upbeat)

Break to the right, there's a missile that's rising from four,
 Pull it as tight as you dare and get ready for more.
 Gotta hug the ridge tighter, our RHAW scope is flashing its ware,
 Better hunker this fighter while I hold it, will you pop me a flare?
 Hair is blown back, see the spike how it's fading at five,
 Broken his track, tell our leader this Tiger's alive!
 Engines are stroked, home as low and as fast as I dare,
 But the only ones smoke was the son of...ran out of air.
 We're goin' home!!!
 We're goin' home!!!
 We're goin' home!!!

(Slow)

There was a young Tiger who was no longer young,
 He'd seasoned his life with the taste of his battle,
 And now he thought of his wife as he sat in his saddle,
 Just a few hundred miles between him and his home,
 And the sun goin' down marked the day nearly over,
 And the tail wind that blew carried him on his way.
 In a couple of hours, she would lean on his shoulder,
 And with a beer and guitar he would once again play,
 That song that had nothing to say...

Chorus



Gumshoe Song

Walked into Finance, I wanna get paid. Gotta come back another day.
 Paragraph D has to be signed, that's extension 4519.
 But don't get us wrong, they're not all bad,
 By the government system you're bound to be had,
 Fill out papers 2 or 3 times, the energy we waste is a goddamn crime.

Chorus:

That's the way when you're on the ground,
 To work half a day then you fuck around,
 It's happenin' at Spang take a look around,
 That's the way that the groundpounders pound.

Walked into MPF the other day, fucked up my orders, it's the standard way,
They wouldn't hear what I had to say, the sergeant was on the rag that day.
Col. Heitzig help us, we need your aid, we know you work harder than you're paid,
But some of those people haven't got a clue, and we've talked 'til our balls are blue.

Chorus

Walked into IEU the other day, need to get a flight suit in the very worst way,
Take a number, stand in line, just pissin' away that government time,
Finally, my turn, I gave 'em my paper, said, "We're all out, maybe later,"
Put in an order, you'll get it in time, probably June of '99.

Chorus

Cops nailed the Tigers the other night, couldn't stand the words of malice and spite,
Running for the title of Pounders of the Year, cops are out front, in the clear.

Chorus

Hail Britannia

Hail, Britannia, marmalade and jam. Three Chinese crackers up her asshole,
Bam, Bam, Bam.

Hail, Britannia, marmalade and jam. Two Chinese crackers up her asshole,
Bam, Bam.

Hail, Britannia, marmalade and jam. One Chinese cracker up her asshole,
Bam.

Hail, Britannia, marmalade and jam. No Chinese crackers up her asshole.

He's A Dogshit Commie

He's a dogshit commie, thinking he's somebody,
And flying off to save the world another day.

Chorus:

He's a dogshit commie, waiting to be morted,
And have his face and asshole blown away.

Well, he launches every morning in his Tinkertoy jet Viper,
Flying off to make war upon the Eagles.
But he's flying, half dying, from the shooters that they fed him,
At the debrief he remembers nothing.
He swears every morning that tonight will be a health night,
So that he can survive tomorrow's mission.



But the Eagles are upon him, they've got him by the scrotum,

And when they've got your balls your mind will follow.

Chorus

Well, on the way back to the pattern with 9 G's upon his counter,
And no shots on his tape to save his money.
He knows that the promises he made himself this morning,
Will probably have to wait until tomorrow.

'Cause he's a dogshit commie, knowing he'll be counseled,
And have what's left of his asshole ate away.

Chorus x 2

Hey, Look Us Over

Hey, look us over, we are the boys, we fly around in supersonic toys,
Taxpayers money? Who gives a shit!
Whatever the weather, we'll kick the tires, light the fires, faster, higher.

If there's a war that needs to be won, we are the boys that will surely get it done,
For we are the boys in black and gold and we will not live to be old,
For we will fight and die for you.

Hey, look us over, we are the boys, we fly around in supersonic toys,
Taxpayers money? Who gives a shit!
We chase the women around the bar, and then we'll drink a little bit.

You know, it's gunning their brains out, none can compare,
Those raghead bastards shit their underwear.
When they think of the men that are gonna defend their cars and stereos,
We are the boys from the 53rd!!!
And if you don't like it, FUCK YOU!!!

Horse Shit

There was a friar of great renown,
There was a friar of great renown,
There was a friar of great renown,
Until he fucked a girl from out of town,
Fucked a girl from out of town.

Chorus:

Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, horse shit! That dirty old son-of-a-bitch!
That rotten old cocksucker! What'd he ever do for us? Nothing! Fuck him!

He laid her in a feather bed, (x3) and then twisted out her maidenhead,
Twisted out her maidenhead.

Chorus

He laid her on a winding stair, (x3) and then he shoved it clear up to there,
Shoved it clear up to there.

Chorus

He laid her down beside a stump, (x3) and then he missed her cunt and hit the stump,
Missed he cunt and hit the stump.

Chorus

He laid her down beside a pond, (x3) and then he fucked her with his magic wand,
Fucked her with his magic wand.

Chorus

He laid her on the dewy grass, (x3) and then he shoved his pecker up her ass,
Shoved his pecker up her ass.

Chorus

She said, "Kind sir, de cease and quit," (x3) and then he bit her on the rosy tit,
Bit her on the rosy tit.

Chorus

He took her to the countryside, (x3) and then he fucked the girl until she died,
Fucked the girl until she died.

Chorus

He took her to the burial ground, (x3) and then he thought he'd have another round,
Thought he'd have another round.

Chorus

They buried her on Chestnut Street, (x3) and then sat on her grave and beat his meat,
Sat on her grave and beat his meat.

Chorus

I Fucked A Dead Whore By The Roadside

("My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside, I knew right away she was dead.
Her skin was all gone from her tummy, the hair was all gone from her head.

And as I lay down there beside her, I knew right away I had sinned.
So I pressed my lips to her sweet pussy, and sucked out the wad I'd shot in.

Sucked out, sucked out, I sucked out the wad I'd shot in, shot in.
Sucked out, sucked out, I sucked out the wad I'd shot in.

My one skin lies over my two skin. My two skin lies over my three.
My threeskin lies over my fourskin. Oh bring back my foreskin to me.

Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my foreskin to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my foreskin to me.

I fucked my crewchief in the intakes. I knew right away se gave head.
The grease was all gone from her elbows. Her pinbag was over her head.

And as I lay down there beside her, I knew right away I had sinned.
So I pressed my lips to her sweet pussy, and sucked out the FOD I'd shot in.

Sucked out, sucked out, I sucked out the FOD I'd shot in, shot in.
Sucked out, sucked out, I sucked out the FOD I'd shot in.



My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

My Bonnie lies a ver the a cean, My Bonnie lies
a ver the sea; My Bonnie lies a ver the a cean,
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me. Bring back,
bring back, Oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me! Bring
back, bring back, Oh bring back my Bonnie to me!

I Love My Wife

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do, I love her truly,
I love the little hole that she pisses through,
I love her ruby red lips and her lily white tits and her little brown asshole.
I'd eat her shit, gobble, gobble, chomp, chomp, with a rusty spoon.

Incestuality (*"Beastiality"*)

Chorus:

Incestuality's great, mate, incestuality's great, fuck a relative!
Incestuality's great, mate, incestuality's great...

Shoot your sunk in your unc', mate...	Blow your top in your pop, mate...
Take a piss in your sis, mate...	Nail your granny in the fanny, mate...
Get a blow from your bro, mate...	Half a dozen with your cousin, mate...
Get a piece from your niece, mate...	In the bum of your mum, mate...

Iraq

(*"I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover"*)

I'm looking over a well-fought over Iraq that I abhor,
One for the camels, and two for the sand, Slick Willy said stay, but we want to go,
There's no way explaining why we're reamining.
We've got what we're fighting for.
The sand and the camels, we'll go down in the annals,
For staying forever more.



It's A Lie

By the ring around his eyeball, you can tell a bombardier,
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread across his rear,
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, charts and such,
You can tell a fighter pilot, but you cannot tell him much!

Chorus:

It's a lie, it's a lie, you can tell the silly bastards it's a lie, lie, lie.
It's a lie, it's a lie, You can tell the silly bastards it's a silly fucking lie!

First lady forward and the second lady back,
 Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack,
 Now all gather 'round to the center of the room,
 Will the lady who just slugged kindly leave the fucking room?

Chorus

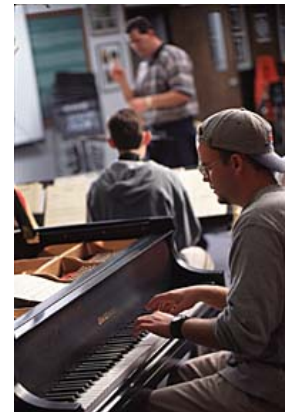
We fly our fucking fighter down at forty fucking feet,
 Fly 'em through the snow and even through the fucking sleet,
 First you fly the fucker up and then you fly the fucker down,
 And you'll be the first to know it when you hit the fucking ground!

Chorus

I Want To Play Piano In A Whore House

Oh, I want to play piano in a whore house, that is my one desire,
 I don't want to be a miner or a farmer up in Butte,
 I just want to play piano in a house of ill repute.

Don't laugh at this my one avocation, fornication's here to stay,
 I don't care for fame or riches, just to play for those sweet bitches,
 I want to play piano in a whore house.



I Wanna Play Piano in a Whorehouse

I wan na play pia na in a whore house. That has been my one de
 sire. Some peo ple may be far mers or ran chers out in Butte,
 I just want to play in a house of ill re pute. You may laugh at this, my hum ble oc cu
 pa tion, But our mal cop u la tion's here to stay. I don't want fame or ri ches, I just
 want to play for those old bit ches, I want to play pi a na in a whore house.

Jingle Bells (USMC version)

Fuck , fuck, fuck...Fuck, fuck, fuck,
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

Fuck, fuck, fuck...Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

Oh! Fuck, fuck, fuck...Fuck, fuck, fuck,
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

Fuck, fuck, fuck...Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.



Jolly England

(I don't want to join the Air Force)

Oh, I don't want to join the Air Force. I don't want to go to war.
I just want to sit around Picadilly Underground, livin' off the earnings of my high-class lady.

Monday, I touched her on the ankle.
Tuesday, I touched her on the knee.
Wednesday, success, I lifted up her dress.
Thursday, her panties I did see.
Friday, I put my hand upon it.
Saturday, she gave my balls a tweak.
But it was Sunday after supper, I rammed the old boy up her,
And now she gives me seven quid a week, gore Blimey!

Oh, I don't want to join the Air Force. I don't want me buttocks shot away.
I just want to stay in England, in jolly, jolly, England,
And fornicate me bloody life away!



I Don't Want to Join the Air Force

The musical score is written on ten staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and catchy, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are as follows:

I don't want to join the Ar my. I don't want to go to
war. I would ra ther 'ang a round Pi ca dil ly's un der ground.
Li vin' off the ear rings of a high born la dy I don't want a
bul let in me back side; I don't want me but ticks shot a
way. I would ra ther stay in Lun non, jol ly jol ly
Lun non, And for ni cate me blee din' life a way, Car Bli may,
Call out the Ar my and the Na vy. Call out the rank and
file. Call out the brave Ter ri to rials, They face dan ger
with a smile; Call out the King's Mil i tia,
They kept Eng land free! Call out me bre ther, Me
fa ther or me mo ther but for Gawd's sake don't call me.

Kotex Song
(“As the Caissons Go Rolling Along”)

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well,
When the end of the month rolls around,
You can tell by her dance she has something in her pants,
When the end of the month rolls around.

Chorus:

For it's Hi, Hi, Hee at the Kotex factory,
Shout out your sizes loud and strong (Super, Junior, Band-Aid),
For where 'ere you go, the blood will always flow,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You know she'll be horny when she's on the cotton pony,
When the end of the month rolls along.
You can feel from her lovin' that she's leakin' hemoglobin',
When the end of the month rolls along.

Chorus

If she's looking like the Joker, then you'd better not poke her,
When the end of the month rolls along.
If she's acting pretty sad, then you know she's on the pad,
When the end of the month rolls along.

Chorus

You can tell by the string, that there's something up her thing,
When the end of the month rolls along.
You can tell by the bed, that her little pussy bled,
When the end of the month rolls along.

Chorus

You can tell from the sight, that the taste will have a bite,
When the end of the month rolls along.
You can tell by the feel, that she's starting to congeal,
When the end of the month rolls along.

Chorus

How she turns, how she squirms, like she's got a case of worms,
When the end of the month rolls along.
You can tell by the stain, that you hit a major vein,
When the end of the month rolls along.

Chorus

You can tell by the stench, she's got something in her trench,
When the end of the month rolls along.
If the smells really heinous, you may have to use her anus,
When the end of the month rolls along.

Chorus

You can tell by her stress, that she's having PMS,
When the end of the month rolls along.
You can tell that she's sick, by the color of your prick,
When the end of the month rolls along.

Chorus



If she has a yeast infection, you'd better clean your erection,
When the end of the month rolls along.
She'll bleed on your rug, if you pull out your plug,
When the end of the month rolls along.

Chorus

Last Night

Last night I stayed at home and masturbated, it felt so good, I knew it would.
Last night I stayed at home and masturbated, it felt so nice, I did it twice.

Oh you should see me do it on the long strokes, it felt so neat, I used my feet.
Oh you should see me do it on the short strokes, it felt so grand, I used my hand.

Beat it! Smash it! Throw it on the floor! Wrap it around the bedpost, slam it in the door!
Some people think it's great to fornicate,
But I would rather stay at home at night and masturbate.



Lawn Dart Lament (*"A Tisket, A Tasket"*)

A tisket, a tasket, a single-engine basket,
They wrote a letter to my Mom and told her that I crashed it.

I crashed it, I crashed it, that lawn dart little basket,
I turned to final, the motor quit, and son-of-a-bitch I smashed it.

I smashed it, I smashed it, my little Tinker-toy little basket,
A two-turn spin, I torque-stalled in, oh, Jesus, how I crashed it.

Leprosy (“Yesterday”)

Leprosy, all my skin is falling off of me.
I’m not half the man I used to be, oh why did I get Leprosy?

Syphilis, it all started with a simple kiss,
Now it hurts when I take a piss, oh why did I get Syphilis?

Why her box was sick, I don’t know, she wouldn’t say,
Now my dripping dick won’t get thick like yesterday...

Yesterday, my dick was always coming out to play,
Now it needs two weeks to hide away, oh I sure wish it was yesterday....

Let’s Call The Whole Thing Off

You say to-may-to, I say to-mah-to,
You say fanny, I say cunt!!!

Let’s call the whole thing off,
To-may-to, to-mah-to, fanny, cunt,
Let’s call the whole thing off.



Let’s Have A Party

Parties make the world go ‘round, world go ‘round, world go ‘round,
Parties make the world go ‘round, let’s have a party!

We’re going to tear down the bar in the Officer’s ClubBOOOOO!
But we’re going to build us a new barYAAAAY!
Our bar’s only going to be one foot wideBOOOOO!
But it’s going to be a mile long.....YAAAAY!
There will be no bartenders at our barBOOOOO!
Only barmaidsYAAAAY!
Our barmaids will wear long dresses.BOOOOO!
Made of cellophane....YAAAAY!
Our barmaids will wear steel chastity belts ...BOOOOO!
But every fighter pilot will have a keyYAAAAY!
Now, you can’t take our barmaids to your bed.....BOOOOO!
They take you to their bedYAAAAY!
You can’t sleep with the barmaids.....BOOOOO!
They don’t let you sleep.....YAAAAY!

Only one drink served per pilotBOOOOO!
 Served in bucketsYAAAAAY!
 We're going to take all the beer and throw it in the poolBOOOOO!
 Then we'll all go swimming..YAAAAAY!
 No girls allowed at the Officer's Club.....BOOOOO!
 With their clothes on..YAAAAAY!
 There'll be no loving on the dance floor.....BOOOOO!
 And no dancing on the loving floorYAAAAAY!

Parties make the world go 'round, world go 'round, world go 'round,
 Parties make the world go 'round, let's have a party!

Lily White Kidney Wipers
 ("Ghost Riders In The Sky")



Oh the lady of the mansion was dressing for the ball,
 When she spied the little peasant boy a pissing on the wall.

Chorus:

With his lily white kidney wiper and balls the size of these,
 And a yard and a half of foreskin hangin' down below his knees.

So she wrote him a letter, and in it she did say,
 "I'd rather be fucked by you than my husband any day."

Chorus

So he mounted his white charger and through the streets did ride,
 With his balls slung o'er his shoulder and his cock lashed to his side.

Chorus

He rode into the courtyard, he rode into the hall,
 "My God," cried the butler, "He's come to fuck us all!"

Chorus

He fucked the cook in the kitchen, he fucked the maid in the hall.
 But when he fucked the butler, 'twas the dirtiest fuck of all.

Chorus

He fucked them in the parlor, he fucked them in the beds,
“Lord save us,” cried the chambermaids, “We’ve lost our maidenheads!”

Chorus

Then he mounted his white charger and rode into the streets,
With little drops of semen pitter, patter at his feet.

Chorus

Some say he went to heaven, some say he went to hell.
Some say he fucks the devil and I know he fucks him well.

Chorus

The Little Bird

There was a little bird, no bigger than a turd, sitting on a telephone pole.
He ruffled up his neck, and he shit about a peck, he puckered up his little asshole.
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole, he puckered up his little asshole.

The Little Brown Mouse

Oh the liquor was spilled on the barroom floor, and the bar was closed for the night,
When out of his hole came a little brown mouse, and sat in the pale moon light,
He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor, and back on his haunches he sat,
And all night long you could hear him roar,
“Bring on that fucking cat! Hic, cat! Hic, cat!”

Little Red Light

(“*My Blue Heaven*”)

A turn to the right, a little red light, will lead you to my red heaven.
You’ll see a smiling face on a pillow case, a form devine.
Just a little old whore who’s been screwed before a thousand times.
Just Molly and me, there’ll never be three, we’re careful in my red heaven.



Loaded, Too

(*"Close To You"*)

Why do geeks suddenly appear every time I buy beer?
Just like me, they long to be loaded, too.

On the day that I got paid my buddies got together,
And decided to try and slime some brew,
So they bellied right up to the bar and waited for me to buy some brew.

That is why all the geeks in town follow me all around,
Just like me, they long to be loaded, too.

Lupe

(*"Down In The Valley"*)

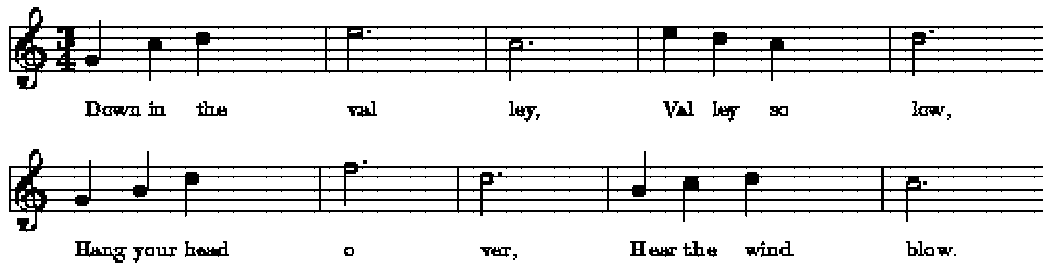
'Twas down in cunt valley, where piss rivers flow,
Where whore mongers flourish, and cock suckers grow.
'Twas there I met Lupe, the girl I adore,
She's my hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

She got her first piece, at the young age of eight,
While swinging one day on the old garden gate.
The cross bar went out and the upright went in,
Ever since she has lived in a welter of sin.

She'll fuck you, she'll suck you, she'll gnaw on your nuts,
She'll wrap her legs 'round you and squeeze out your guts.
She'll fuck you, she'll suck you, 'til you think you'll die,
Oh, I'd rather eat Lupe than Mom's apple pie.

Oh, Lupe, dear Lupe, lies dead in her tomb,
The worms crawl out of her decomposed womb,
But the smile on her face is a mute cry for more,
She my hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.





The Mailman Song (*"Bye Bye Blackbird"*)

I'm so happy, I'm so gay, 'cause I come twice a day, I'm your mailman.
Lift your knockers, ring your bell, makes you think I am swell, I'm your mailman.
I can come in any kind of weather, that's because my sack is made of leather,
I don't mess with keys or locks, I just slip it in your box, I'm your mailman.

Mary-Ann Burns

Mary-Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats,
She can do tricks that would give a cat the shits,
She can roll a green pea around her fundamental orifice,
Do a double flip and catch it on her tits.

She's a great big Son-of-a-bitch, twice as big as me,
With hair around her asshole like branches on a tree,
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a jet, drive a truck,
Mary-Ann Burns is the girls for me!



Mary Had A Little Lamb

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb, it's fleece was white as snow.

It followed her to school one day, school one day, school one day,
It followed her to school one day, and a big, black dog fucked it.

Mary Had a Little Lamb

The musical score for 'Mary Had a Little Lamb' is written on six staves of music. The melody is simple and repetitive, using a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of the first verse. The second line of music corresponds to the second line of the first verse. The third line of music corresponds to the third line of the first verse. The fourth line of music corresponds to the fourth line of the first verse. The fifth line of music corresponds to the fifth line of the first verse. The sixth line of music corresponds to the sixth line of the first verse.

Ma ry had a lit tle lamb, lit tle lamb lit tle lamb Ma ry had a lit tle lamb, its
fleece was white as snow. Ev 'ry where that Ma ry went, Ma ry went, Ma ry went,
Ev ry where that Ma ry went the lamb was sure to go. Hoo rah for Ma ry! Hoo
rah for the lamb! Hoo rah for the Fe nian boys that
di dn't give a damn, We'll ral ly round the flag, boys, we'll
ral ly once a gain, Shou ting the bat tle cry of free dom.

Mother Humper's Ball

Oh there's going to be a ball at the Mother Humper's Hall,
The witches and the bitches gonna be there all.
Now, honey don't be late, 'cause they're passing out pussy 'bout half past eight.
I've been bumping on the coast of Maine,

But the best place I ever saw was when I humped my mother-in-law,
Last Saturday night at the Mother Humper's Ball.

Mrs. Murphy
(“Red River Valley”)

Oh take it in your hand, Mrs. Murphy, it only weighs a quarter of a pound,
It has hair ‘round its neck like a turkey, and it spits when you rub it up and down.

Red River Valley



Music Man

I am the Music Man, I come from down your way, and I can play...

All: What can you play?

I can play the F-4 driver

All: Fuckin' A I lost sight, lost sight, lost sight,
Fuckin' A I lost sight, lost sight, lost sight.

Other verses:

B-1 driver My wing won't work

F-16 driver I blacked out

F-14 driver My pussy hurts

A-10 driver Leavin' today, get there next week

Fulcrum driver Outta gas

Michael Jackson My hair's on fire

Eagle Driver ... Kickin' Ass / I can play the picallo

Shit house door Bang-a-bang-a-bang-a-bang

(Always last)

Sperm Whale.. (Drink some beer and spray)



My Girl

("March of the Tin Soldiers")

The nipples on her tits are as big plums,
The wiggle in her ass would make a dead man come,
She's a mean mother-fucker, she's a great cocksucker,
she's my girl, she fucks.



My Father Was A Fireman

Clang, clang, clang, and the goddamn fire went out.
Oh to be a fireman, to drive a fire engine red.
To say to a team of white horses, "Give me head, give me head, give me head!"

My father was a fireman, he puts out fires...
My brother was a fireman, he puts out fires...
My sister, Sal, was a fireman's gal, she puts out, too...without her pants on.
And stink? God damn ptooeey!

My father was a bus driver, he goes downtown...
My brother was a bus driver, he goes downtown...
My sister, Sal, was a bus driver's gal, she goes down, too...without her pants on.
And stink? God damn ptooeey!

My father was a telephone repairman, he climbs up poles...
My brother was a telephone repairman, he climbs up poles...
My sister, Sal, was a telephone repairman's gal, she climbs poles, too...
Without her pants on...
And stink? God dman ptooeey!

My father was a horticulturist, he pulls up roots...
My brother was a hoticulturist, he pulls up roots...
My sister, Sal, was a hoticulturist's gal, she pulls roots, too...
Without her pants on...
And stink? God damn ptooeey!

My father was an anesthesiologist, he passes gas...
My brother was an anesthesiologist, he passes gas...
My sister, Sal, was an anesthesiologist's gal, she farts a lot...
Without her pants on...
And stink? God damn ptooeey!

My father was an A-10 driver, he drives Hogs...
My brother was an A-10 driver, he drives Hogs...
My sister, Sal, was an A-10 drivers gal, she rides Hogs, too...
Without her pants on...
And stink? God damn ptooeey!



My God How The Money Rolls In
(*"My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean"*)

My father makes rum in the bathtub, my mother makes two kinds of gin,
My sister makes love for a living, my God how the money rolls in!

Chorus:

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor missionary, he saved little girlies from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars, my God how the money rolls in!

Chorus

My father died in the bathtub, my mother died in her gin,
My sister she married my brother, my God what a mess I am in.



My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

My Bon nie lies a ver the a oean, My Bon nie lies
a ver the sea; My Bon nie lies a ver the a oean,
Oh bring back my Bon nie to me. Bring back,
bring back, Oh bring back my Bon nie to me, to me! Bring
back, bring back, Oh bring back my Bon nie to me!



My Grandfather's Cock (*"My Grandfather's Clock"*)

My grandfather's cock was too long for his slacks,
So it drug ninety years on the floor.
It was longer by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a penny wieght more.
It was found on the morn of the day he was born,
But it drooped, wilted, never to rise again, when the old man died.
Ninety years without limbering. What a cock! What a cock!
But it drooped, wilted, never to rise again when the old man died.



My Grandfather's Cock

My Grand fa ther's clock was to tall for the shelf, So it stood nine ty
years on the floor. It was tal ler by half than the old man him
self, Tho' it weighed not a pen ny weight more. It was
bought en the mern of the day that he was born, And was al ways his
plea sure and pride; But it stopped short Ne ver to go a
gain When the old man died. Nine ty years with out slum ber ing
(tick tock, tick tock) His life se cands num ber ing (tick tock, tick) But it
stopped short ne ver to go a gain, When the old man died.

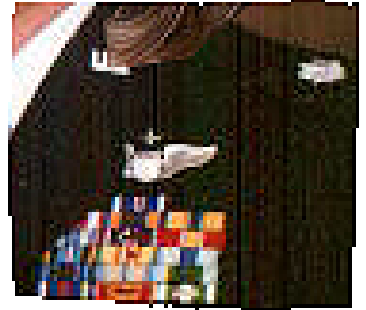
My Husband's A Colonel

My husbands a colonel, a colonel. a colonel,
A very fine colonel is he.
All day he fucks off, he fucks off, he fucks off,
And at night he comes home and fucke me.

Chorus:

Sing a little bit, fuck a little bit, follow the band, follow the band, follow the band,
Sing a little bit, fuck a little bit, follow the band. Come join in our happy song.

An LC, Chews ass..... Chews me
A Major, Screws up Screws me
A Captain, Kisses ass..... Kisses me
A Lieutenant, Eats shit..... Eats me
A MAC Puke, Bores holes Bores me
A pounder, Beats pud..... Beats off



My Way

And now, the end is near, and as I face the final curtain,
I lost my outbaord tanks, my burner cans, my wings I'm certain,
I planned the mission well, I briefed to fly right down the highway,
But I flew to low and scraped them off along the highway.

Regrets, I've had a few, they disapproved my last extension,
They've cast a jaundiced eye upon the need for my retention,
I flew the day before, I logged my time, not in a shy way,
I guess I should have logged much more, but I did it my way.

Well, there were times, I'm sure you knew, when you were good, but I was, too,
We BFM'ed, you had your doubts, but on the tapes, I'd gunned your brains out,
Today that's changed, I skipped my jet right off the highway.

I've loved, I've laughed, I've cried, I've had my fill, my share of losing,
And now they say I've lied, but I don't care, it's so amusing,
My boss discussed the flight, how low I went along the highway,
But I just said, I used my head, and did it my way.

But I've got to stand on my own two feet, so keep your kids off of the street,
I've got to fly, and fight, and sing, to keep my cool and do my thing,
I'll cross the seas, and may kill some trees, but I'll do it my way!

No Balls At All
(*"Sweet Betsy From Pike"*)

There once was a girl named Sarah McFox,
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box,
She married a man named Patrick McCall,
With a very short peter and no balls at all.

Chorus:

No balls at all, no balls at all.
A very short peter and no balls at all.

The very first night that they were wed,
They took off their clothes and went straight to bed,
She reached for his pecker, it was very small,
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Chorus

"Now mother, dear mother, oh what shall I do?
I've married a man who never can screw.
I reached for is pecker, it was very small,
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all."

Chorus

"Oh daughter, dear daughter, don't you be sad.
It was the same trouble I had with your dad.
There's many a fighter pilot who will come to the call,
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all."

Chorus

The daughter went home, took her mother's advice,
And found the results exceedingly nice.
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall,
To the wife of a man who had no balls at all.

Choru

North of ACMI
(*"Ghost Riders In The Sky"*)

Here's a story about a Tiger flight in Holland one fine day,
An hour late for takeoff as he got on the runway,
He could barely see the centerline thru all the fog and rain,
And he didn't know the devil'd put a curse upon his plane.

Chorus:

Yipee-yi-yaaaa, Yipee-yi-yeeee, Tigers, T-D-Y.

Well, he lit both afterburners and he roared off through the fog,
Thinking 'bout his training squares and the time that he would log,
As the airspeed reached two hundred knots, both of his engines popped,
The radios and the tacan quit, the gear would not come up.

Chorus



He fought it hard to keep control and keep it climbing, too.
He prayed a fervent prayer to God and said what he would do,
He won't smoke, or drink, or chase the girls, to sin he'd put a stop,
Now disregard that last part, Lord, I'm VFR-on-top.

Chorus

The airspeed reached five hundred knots, the gas was goin' fast,
He had enough to reach the range and make at least one pass,
He knew without the radio, they wouldn't let him in,
So he dropped back down onto the deck, right back into the fog.

Chorus

"Where am I?" thought our hero, he didn't have a clue,
He didn't know just where he was and knew not what to do,
All the radar sights were callin', but they got no reply,
And he disappeared that day, somewhere north of ACMI.

Chorus

Nothing Could Be Finer

Nothing could be finer than to be in your vagina, in the morning.
Nothing could be sweeter than your lips around my peeter, in the morning.
If I had a wish, and it could come true, I'd spend the whole night 69 with you.
Oh nothing could be finer than to do a 69er in the morning.

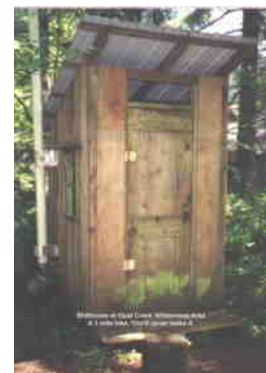
Ode to Mary Anne Burns

Mary Anne Burns, you filthy bitch, with hands and feet as black as pitch,
Great purple sores festering on your toes, and long green strands of snot dangling from your nose.
And before I'd touch one festering thigh, or kiss one withered tit,
I'd drink nine quarts of afterbirth and bathe in vulture shit.

Please Don't Burn The Shithouse Down

Please don't burn the shithouse down, Mother's willing to pay,
Mother's drunk and Father's in jail, Sister's in a family way.
Brother dear is a fucking queer, times are fucking hard,
So please don't burn the shithouse down, or we'll have to shit in the yard!

And there was granny, swingin' from the shithouse door,
In her nighty, yellin' "Boys, more, more, more!!!"



Pubic Hairs ("Baby Face")

Pubic hairs, you've got the cutest little pubic hairs.
There's not another that can compare, pubic hairs,
Penis or vagina, nothing could be finer,
Pubic hairs, I'm up in heaven when I'm in your underwear,
I didn't need a shove to take a mouthful of your pretty pubic hairs.



Remember

Remember the night when you were tight? My darling remember?
When I was in heat and you said you might? My darling remember?
Remember you found a tender spot, right in the middle of my twat?
You said you'd withdraw before you shot, but you forgot to remember.

The Rodeo Song

It's forty below, but it don't mean a thing,
I got heaters on my wing and it's off to the rodeo!

Chorus:

Well, it's lead break left, two's lost sight,
Come on ya fuckin' dummy, get your right nine right,
Stay on my wing, ya goddamn dude!
Ya know, ya piss me off, ya fuckin' jerk, ya get on my nerves!

We're ten from the merge and my radar's a mort,
I don't have a sort, and it's off to the rodeo!

Chorus

Hell with the Slammer, gonna have me some fun,
I'm closin' for the gun, and it's off to the rodeo!

Chorus

Here comes a wiper with his pecker in his hand,
He's a one ball man, and it's off to the rodeo!

Final Chorus:

Well, it's tally three, save a wiper for me,
Come on ya little porker, let me see nine G's,
I call the kill, ya don't remove, ya know,
Ya piss me off, ya fuckin' jerk, ya get on my nerves!



The S & M Man

(*"The Candy Man"*)

Who can take two ice picks, stick 'em in her ears,
Ride her like a Harley while you fuck her up the rear?

Chorus:

The S & M man, the S & M man,
The S & M man 'cause he mixes it it with love and makes the hurtin' feel good.

Who can take a machete, whack off all her limbs,
Throw her in the ocean and watch her try to swim?

Chorus

Who can take a chainsaw, cut the bitch in two,
This halves for me and the other halves for you.

Chorus

Who can take a lady, throw her in the road,
Shove a grenade up her cunt and watch the bitch explode?

Chorus

Who can take a bicycle, rip off the seat,
Make your granny ride it down a really bumpy street?

Chorus

Who can take two jumper cables, hook 'em to her tits,
Start up the engine and electrify the bitch?

Chorus

Who can take a pregnant bitch, throw her on the bed,
Fuck her in the cunt while the fetus gives you head?

Chorus



Sally In The Alley

Sally in the alley sifting cinders, lifted up her leg and farted like a man,
Wind from her bloomers broke six winders, cheeks of her ass went bam, bam, bam!!

Sammy Small

(*"If You're Happy And You Know It"*)

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I've only got one ball,
But it's better than none at all, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all,

Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all,
Oh, they say I shot him dead with a piece of fucking lead,
Now the silly fucker's dead, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I'm gonna swing, fuck 'em all,
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing, fuck 'em all,
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing from a piece of fucking string,
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the parson he will come, fuck 'em all,
Oh, the parson he will come, fuck 'em all,
Oh, the parson he will come with his tales of kingdom come,
He can shove them up his bung, so fuck 'em all.

Oh the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all,
Oh the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all,
Oh the sheriff will be there too, with his silly fucking crew,
They've got fuck all else to do, so fuck 'em all.

Oh the hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all,
Oh the hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all,
Oh the hangman wears a mask for his silly fucking task,
He can shove it up his ass, so fuck 'em all.

Oh they say I greased the rope, fuck 'em all,
Oh they say I greased the rope, fuck 'em all,
Oh they say I greased the rope with a piece of fucking soap,
What a silly fucking joke, so fuck 'em all.

(With reverence)

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all,
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all,
I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so fucking proud,
That I shouted right out loud **"FUCK 'EM ALL!!!"**

Scrotum

Chorus:

Your scrotum, scrotum, s-c-r-o-t-u-m, ba-da-da-da-da,
Your scrotum, scrotum, s-c-r-o-t-u-m.

Well, it's mangy and it's grangy and it's covered with hair,
But what would you do if it wasn't there?

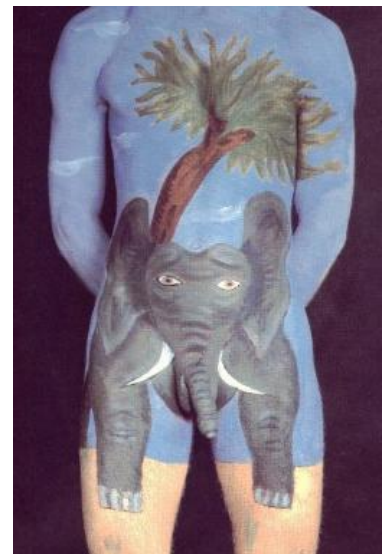
Chorusi

It hangs down low and a little behind, strange little bag with a fancy design.

Chorus

It's fun to play with every night, better watch out if you get in a fight,

Chorus



Fits right in the palm of your hand, only thing that proves that you're really a man.

Chorus

It's your scrotum, scrotum, s-c-r-o-t-u-m. Be glad you've got one.
S-c-r-o-t-u-m. It holds your balls in.
S-c-r-o-t-u-m. It's fun to play with.
S-c-r-o-t-u-m, ba-da-daaaa!

Sit On My Face

Sit on my face and tell me that you love me,
I'll sit on your face and tell you that I love you, too.
I love to hear you oralize, when I'm between your thighs,
You blow me away.

Sit on my face and let my lips embrace you,
I'll sit on your face and then I'll love you truly,
Life can be fine if we both 69, if we sit on our faces, in all sorts of places,
And play 'til we're blown away!!

Six Pounds of Boobies

Six pounds of boobies in a loose brassiere, an old used condom in a glass of beer,
A twat that twitches like a moose's ear, these foolish things remind me of you.

A dirty whore strolling down the street, a bloody tampax in a rumble seat,
I love my poontang, but I beat my meat, these foolish things remind me of you.

The Slick Willy Draft Dodger Rag

Well, I'm just a typical American boy from a typical American town,
I believe in God and senator Dodd and keepin' Ol' Castro down,
But when it came my time to serve, I knew better red than dead,
So when I got down to my local draft board, buddy this is what I said:

Well, Sarge, I'm only eighteen, got a ruptured spleen, and I always carry a purse,
I got eyes like a bat. my feet are flat, and my asthma's gettin' worse,
Consider my career, my sweetheart dear, my poor invalid aunt,
Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm going to school, and I'm working in a defense plant.

I got a wracked up back and a dislocated disk, I'm allergic to flowers and bugs,
And when a bomb shell hits, I get epileptic fits, I'm addicted to a thousand drugs,
I got the weakness woes, I can't touch my toes, I can hardly reach my knees,
And if the enemy ever gets close to me, I'd probably start to sneeze.

Now I hate Chou Enlai and I'm glad that he died, but I think you've gotta see,
 If someone's gotta go over there, that someone sure ain't me,
 So I wish you well, Sarge, give 'em hell and kill me a thousand or so,
 And if you ever find a war without blood and gore, well, I'll be the first to go.

Stand To Your Glasses

We sit 'neath resounding rafters, the walls all around us are bare,
 They echo back the laughter, it seems all the dead are here.
 We climb in the purple twilight, we loop in the silvery dawn,
 With black smoke trailing behind us to show where our friends have all gone.

Chorus:

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky,
 Bosom buddies while boozin' are we,
 We are the boys that they send out to die,
 Bosom buddies while boozin' are we.
 Up in headquarters they scream and they shout,
 'Bout lots of things they know nothing about.
 But we are the boys that they send out to die,
 Boozin' buddies while boozin' are we.

Cut off from the land that bore us, betrayed by the land that we find,
 The good men have gone before us, and only the dull left behind.
 So stand your glasses steady, the world is a web of lies,
 Here's to the dead already, hurrah for the next man who dies.

Chorus



Stand To Your Glasses Steady

We stand 'neath re-sound-ing raf-tern, The
 walls all a-round us are bare; They ee-ho back the
 laugh-ter; It seems as the dead are all there.

Sweet Antoinette
(“Sweet Adeline”)

Sweet Antoinette, sweet Antoinette, your panties are wet,
You say it's sweat, it's cum I'll bet.
In all my dreams, your bare ass gleams, you're the wrecker of my pecker,
Sweet Antoinette, sweet Antoinette.

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

Swing low, sweet chariot, (ptooey!) coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot, (ptooey!) coming for to carry me home.
I looked over Jordan and what did I see?
(Ptooeey!) Coming for to carry me home.
A band of angels (ptooey!) coming after me,
(Ptooeey!) Coming for to carry me home.

1st Time - Sung with hand gestures
2nd Time - Hum with hand gestures
3rd Time - Hand gestures only
4th Time – Underwater

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

Swing low, sweet chariot Comin' for to carry me home!

home! Swing low, sweet chariot Comin' for to carry me home!

home! I looked o'er Jer dan and what did I see,

Comin' for to carry me home! A band of an gels

comin' af ter me, Comin' for to carry me home!

Three Whores From Canada Junction

Three old whores from Canada Junction were drinking cherry wine,
Says one to the other two, "Yours is smaller than mine."

Chorus:

So take up the sheets me hearty, water the decks with brine,
Bend to the oars, you lousy whores, none is bigger than mine.

"You're a liar," says the second old whore, "Mine's as big as the sea.
The battleships sail in and out and never a bother to me."

"You're a liar," says the third old whore, "Mine's as big as the moon.
The battleships sail in on the first of the year, they never come out 'til June."

"You're a liar," says the first again, "Mine's as big as the air.
The battleships sail in and out, they never tickle a hair."

"You're a liar," says the second again, "Mine is bigger than all.
For many the ships that sail right in, and they never come out at all."



Three Whores from

There were four old whores from Bal ti more, Drin king beer and
wine. The to pic of can ver sa tion was, "mine is big ger than
thine." Ro ly po ly tic kle my be ley, smell of my ali my
slough. Then drag your nuts a cross my guts, I'm one of the who rey crew.

Throw A Nickel On The Grass



It was midnight in Denmark, all the pilots were in bed,
When up stepped Col. Heitzig and this is what he said:
“Eagles, gentle Eagles, Eagles one and all,
Pilots, gentle pilots,” and the pilots shouted, “Balls!”
When up stepped a young lieutenant, with a voice as harsh as brass,
“You can take those goddamn Eagle jets and shove them up your ass!”

Chorus:

Oh, hallelujah, oh, hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass, save a fighter pilot’s ass.
Oh, hallelujah, oh, hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass and you’ll be saved.

Cruising up the coast, doing six and sixty per,
When a call came from a major, “Oh, won’t you save me, sir?
My guns ain’t got no ammo, my tanks ain’t got no gas,
Mayday, mayday, mayday, I’ve got six MiGs on my ass!”

Chorus

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right,
The airspeed read one-thirty, my God I racked it tight,
The airframe gave a shudder, the engines gave a wheeze,
Mayday, mayday, mayday, spin instructions please.



Chorus

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground,
There came a call from tower, pull up and go around.
I racked that Eagle in the air a dozen feet or more,
The engines quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor.

Chorus

Pathetic Lawn Dart drivers, they think they are so hot,
They brag about the Eagles that they’ve so often shot,
One thing they don’t remember when thwy holler and they hoot,
Is to look into their RHAW scope just before they shoot.

Chorus

I started on my takeoff, I thought the flaps were down,
But when I pulled the gear up, the burners scraped the ground,
The general, he smiled at me, he thought it was great fun,
But then I met my FEB, Minot here I come.

Chorus

Letting down from forty-four, busting through the mach,
That Eagle jet was moving now, falling like a rock,
My boom was aimed right at the field, there was an awful sound,
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting on the ground.

Chorus

Tie My Root Around A Tree

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a penny.
She said, "Boy, you can't have any."

Chorus:

Come and tie my root around a tree, root around a tree.
Come and tie my root around a tree.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a nickel,
She said, "For that you don't even get a tickle."

Chorus

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a quarter.
She said, "Young man, I'm a preaher's daughter."

Chorus

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a half,
She said, "Young man, you make me laugh."

Chorus

Reached in my pocket, pulled out six bits.
All she did was wiggle her tits.

Chorus

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a buck.
She said, "Young man, you've bought a fuck."

Chorus

Took her to the kitchen, laid her on the sink,
Oh, my Cod, how her pussy did stink!

Chorus



Hooker tampons

Fucker her sittin', fucked her lyin'.
If I'd had wings, I'd a-fucked her flyin'.

Chorus

I awoke in the morning and guess what I saw?
Fifteen crabs and a big blue ball.

Chorus

I went to the doctor, 'cause my pecker was sore.
"My God," said the doctor, "you've been taken by a whore!"

Chorus

And now you can see, I'm a peckerless man.
I fuck 'em with my finger and fool 'em when I can.

Chorus

Now the last time I saw her, and I haven't seen her since,
She was jacking off a doggie through a barbed wire fence.

Chorus

Together

We both got drunk, together, took off our junk, together, lay in a bunk, together, But it was no joke, when the rubber broke.

Now we have twins, together, for we have sinned, together,
Now take it from me, keep good company, and keep your legs together.

Tracking Kill

(*"Cover of the Rolling Stone"*)

Well, we're Eagle Drivers, we ain't nine-to-fivers, we're the best that's ever been.
We shoot 'em in the face 'cause that's the very best place to kill 'em and to fight again.
Yeah, we shoot 'em in the face 'cause that's a really neat place,
And it really gives us quite a thrill,
But the thrill that'll get ya is when you set your pipper and make a guns tracking kill.

Chorus:

Tracking kill, wanna see you in my pipper, tracking kill, gonna show the film to my sister,
Tracking kill, gonna make you a great big star in the movies of a tracking kill.

We wear fast pants and snappy hard hats and fly off to shoot down planes,
Well, we get our kicks ripping off their lips, and gunning out the bad guy's brains,
Yeah, the AIM-9M, it is really swell, but the thing that'll make your day,
Is to set your sights 'til it feels just right and blow the MiG's shit away!

Chorus

Well, we've paid our dues, got a bag full of clues, the job is really a lot of fun.
We never tire of our hair on fire and killing people with our gun.
Yeah, the big Eagle jet is the best you can get, the world's greatest fighting machine,
To the men who fly her, you can get no higher than McDonnell's mighty F-15.

Chorus



Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas my true love gave to me,
A hand job in a pear tree.

On the second day of Christmas my true love gave to me,
Two brass balls and a hand job in a pear tree.

3rd Day: Three French Ticklers
4th Day: Four Cocksuckers
5th Day: Five Motherfuckers
6th Day: Six Sacks of Shit
7th Day: Seven Scrotums Swinging
8th Day: Eight Assholes Aching
9th Day: Nine Nymphos Nibbling
10th Day: Ten Tits A'Tingling
11th Day: Eleven Lesbians Licking
12th Day: Twelve Twats A'Twitching

Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billboard,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he sat and waited 'till his Billy boiled,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Chorus:

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?
And he sang as he sat and waited 'till his Billy boiled,
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Along came a jumbuck to drink at the billboard,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he stuffed that jumbuck in his tuckerbag,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Chorus

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Up rode the troopers, one, two, three,
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Chorus

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into billabong,
"You'll never take me alive," said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Was It You?

Was it you who done the pushin'? Left the stains upon the cushion?
Footprints on the dashboard upside down? Was it you, you sly woodpecker?
Got into my daughter Rebecca? 'Cause if it was you, you best be leavin' town.

Reply:

Yes, 'twas I that done the pushin', left the stains upon the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down, but ever since I've had your daughter,
I've had trouble passin' water. So I guess that makes us even all around.

The Whiffenpoof Song

To the tables down at Maury's, to the place where Louie dwells,
To the dear old Temple bar we loved so well sit the Whiffenpoof assembled.
With their glasses held on high and the magic of their singing casts a spell,
Yes the magic of their singing, of the songs we loved so well,
"Shall I wasting" and "Mavouree" and the rest,
We will serenade our ladies 'til the life and death shall pass,
And we'll be forgotten with the rest.

We are poor little lambs who have lost our way, Baa, Baa, Baa,
We are poor black sheep who have lost their way, Baa, Baa, Baa,
Gentlemen, songsters off on a spree, doomed from here to eternity,
God have mercy on such as we, Baa, Baa, Baa.



Whiffenpoof Song



From the ta-bles down at Mo-ry's To the place where Lou-ie dwells, To the dear old

Tem-ple bar we loved so well Sing the Whif-fen-poofs as sem-bled,

with their glass-ees raised on high, And the ma-gic of their sin-ging casts a

spell. Yea the ma-gic of their sin-ging, of the songs we loved so

well, "Shall I Was-ting," and "Ma-vour-neen" and the rest. We will

se-re-nade our Lou-ie 'Til health and voi-ces fail, then we'll pass and be for-

got-ten like the rest. We are poor lit-tle lambs that have lost our

way, Baa, baa, baa We are lit-tle black sheep that have

gone a stray, Baa Baa Baa Gen-tle men

song-sters out on a spree, Damned from here to e-ter-ni-ty

God have mer-cy on such as we, Baa, baa baa.

The Whorehouse Quartet

Well, she burped and she farted, and she shit on the floor,
And the gas from her ass blew the knob off the door.
And the moon shined bright on the nipple of her tit,
As she carved her initials in a bag of shit.

Chorus:

Sung by the Whorehouse Quartet. Do you have a hard-on, not yet!
Are you gonna get one, you bet! You fucker, you!

Well, she looked so fair in the midnight air, as the wind blew up her nighty,
Her tits hung loose like the balls of a goose and I yelled, "Christ Almighty!"

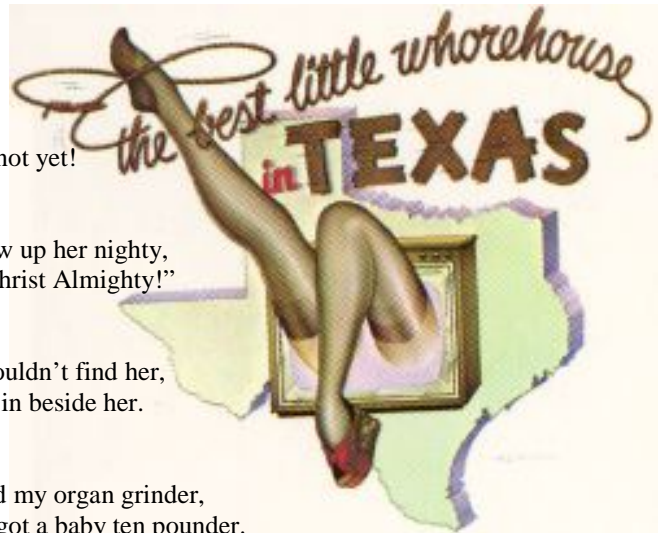
Chorus

She jumped in bed and covered up her head, and swore I couldn't find her,
I knew damn well she was lying like hell, so I jumped right in beside her.

Chorus

She flipped and flopped, and I landed on her top, and started my organ grinder,
She wouldn't turn loose so I turned on the juice, and now I got a baby ten pounder.

Chorus



The Wild West Show

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Wild West Show!"

Chorus:

Oh, we're off to see the Wild West Show, the elephants and kangaroos.
No matter what the weather, as long as we're together, we're off to see the Wild West Show!"

Intro:

"Tonight for you we have the most fantastic, incredible animal acts ever seen before the eyes of man on the face of the earth. Tonight for you we have the famous _____!"

All (after each intro):

"Fantastic! Incredible! No shit, tell us about the motherfucker!"

Chorus and Intro after each verse

Ki, Ki, Ki, Ki Bird

The Ki, Ki, Ki, Ki Bird is a very strange animal indeed. He flies along at 21,500' looking for targets. As he spies his prey, he folds his wings and starts down a precise 75 degree dive. Down he goes, gaining speed — 18,000', 10,000' — his vision begins to blur from the wind blast — 7,000' — faster and faster — 3500' — 1500' — 500' — he starts his pull out — 100' — 50' — He puts out his wings, grabs his prey with his mighty talons and says: "Ki, Ki, Ki, Ki-ris! That was close!"

Fukawi Tribe

The Fukawi tribe is a very strange tribe indeed. They're a tribe of three foot tall pygmies living in four foot tall elephant grass. they spend their whole life going around saying: "Where the fuck are we? Where the fuck are we?"

Lulu the Tattooed Lady

Lulu the Tattooed Lady is a very strange lady indeed. She has a "W" tattooed on her left cheek and a "W" tattooed on her right cheek. When she bends over, she spells "WOW" and when she stands on her head, she spells "MOM." But when she does cartwheels, she spells "WOW MOM, WOW MOM."

Mathematical Impossibility

The Mathematical Impossibility is a very strange girl indeed. She's the only girl around who was eight (ate) before she was seven!

Shoe Clerk

The Shoe Clerk is a very strange human-like animal. He's the only animal known that you can throw into a barrel of tits and he'll come up sucking his own thumb!

The O-Rang-A-Tang

The O-Rang-A-Tang is a strange ape-like creature. However, his balls hang so low that when he swings from tree to tree, they go O-Rang-A-Tang, O-Rang-A-Tang.

Lulu the Tattooed Lady's Sister

Lulu the Tattooed Lady's Sister is a very strange lady indeed. She has "Merry Christmas" tattooed on her left thigh and "Happy New Year" tattooed on her right thigh. Then she says, "Why don't all you lions come up and see me between the holidays?"

Female Horny Bird

The Female Horny Bird can be distinguished by her cry, "Wantsome, Wantsome!" and the male horny bird by his cry, "Here-tis, Here-tis!"

The Pffft Bird

The Pffft Bird is a very strange bird indeed. He's a bird that has a three foot long right wing and a four foot long left wing. He flies around in ever decreasing circles until he flies up his own asshole and goes PFFFTT!

The Ohh-Ah Bird

The Ohh-Ah Bird is a very stange bird indeed. He has a four foot long scrotum and only three foot long legs. When he comes in for a landing, he goes "Ooh-Ooh-Ahhhhhh!"

The Boom-Rat-Tat-Tat Bird

The Boom-Rat-Tat-Tat Bird is a very close cousin to the Ooh-Ah Bird. He also has a four foot long scrotum and three foot long legs, but he lands on corrugated roofs and goes, "Boom Rat-Tat-Tat-Tat-Tat-Tat!"

The Peanut Butter Lady

The Peanut Butter Lady is a very strange lady indeed. She's the only lady around that hen you eat her out, she sticks to the roof of your mouth.

The Tight Skinned Owl

The Tight Skinned Owl is an owl whose skin is so tight that when he blinks, he masturbates himself. Little boys have been known to jack him off by throwing sand in his eyes.

The Pervertible Convertible

The Pervertible Convertible is the most amazing car in the world. It's the only car around where you can get two in the front seat and sixty-nine in the back seat!

The Drunken Giraffe

The Drunken Giraffe is a strange long legged creature who walks into the lion's den and says, "Boys, the high balls are on me!"

Why Do The Drums Go Boom-Ti-Boom-Titty

Chorus:

Why do the drums go boom-ti-boom-titty?

Why do the drums go boom-ti-boom-titty?

Why do the drums go boom-ti-boom-titty?

Why do the drums go boom-ti-boom?

Well I took her to the library just to improve herself.

But the funk from her drawers knocked the books off the shelves.

She's a rotten motherfucker but I love her so.

She's my little girl from Coltishall.

Chorus

Well I took her to the bank just to dip in the till.

But the funk from her drawers knocked the green off the bills.

Chorus

Well I took her to the Mosel just to buy some wine.

But the funk from her drawers knocked the grapes off the vine.

Chorus

Well I took her to the church just to meet all the people.

But the funk from her drawers knocked the cross off the steeple.

Chorus

Well I took her to the store just to buy some peas.

But the funk from her drawers knocked the clerk to his knees.

Chorus

Well I took her to the farm just to get a job,

But the funk from her drawers knocked the corn off the cob.

Chorus

Well I took her to the movies but she caused a scene,
'Cause the funk from her drawers knocked the flick off the screen.

Chorus

Well I took her to the beach, man she was a dish,
But the funk from her drawers knocked the scales off the fish.

Chorus

Well I took her to the club, for a bite to eat,
But the funk from her drawers burned a hole in the seat.

Chorus

Well I took her to the field, just to watch me fly,
But the funk from her drawers knocked the jets out of the sky.

Chorus

Well I took her to the chowhall, but they just started bitchin',
'Cause the funk from her drawers drew the flies from the kitchen.

Chorus

Well I took her to the Q's cause I though I'd score,
But the funk from her drawers knocked the paint off the door.

Chorus

Well I took her to the park just to roll in the grass,
But the funk from her drawers curled the hairs on my ass.

Chorus

Well I took her to my room and I started to hunch,
But the funk from my drawers made me blow my lunch.

Chorus

Well I slipped it up her tubes and I tried to coat 'em,
But the funk from her drawers peeled the skin off my scrotum.

Chorus

Well I fucked her on the floor, man it was a feeling,
But the funk from her drawers stuck my ass to the ceiling.

Chorus

Well they took my little girl to the police station,
Said the funk from her drawers was a threat to the nation.

Chorus

Well I took her to the court for a speedy trial,
But the funk from her drawers laid the judge in the aisle.

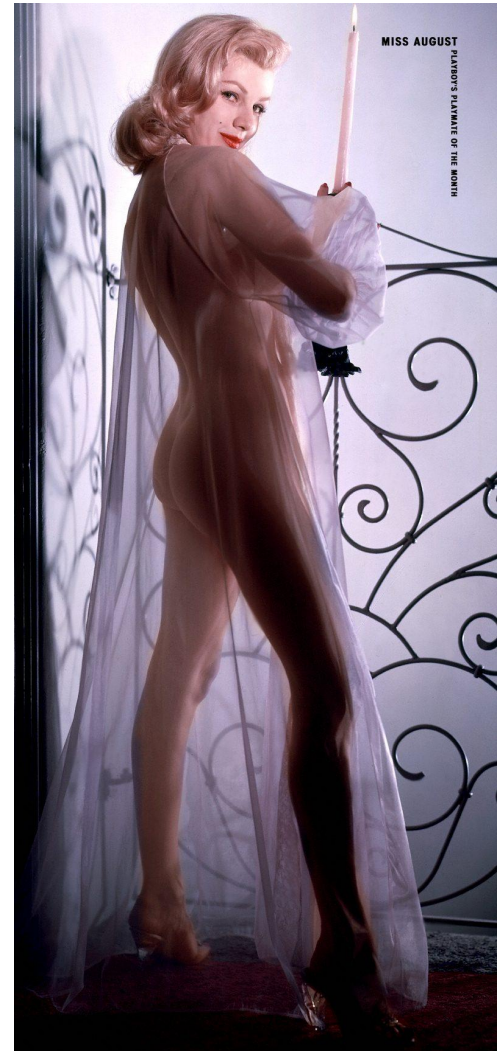
Chorus

Well they locked her up in jail, but she'd doing well,
'Cause the funk from her drawers killed all the rats in the cell.

Chorus

Well I lost my little girl, but I don't mindm
'Cause the funk from her drawers nearly made me blind.

Chorus



Will You Still Suck Me Tomorrow

(*"Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow"*)

Tonight, you're mine, completely. I bought your love so cheaply.
Tonight the light of twenties in your eyes, but will you suck me tomorrow?

Is this my last big road trip, or just a moment's pleasure?
Can I believe the magic of your thighs? Will you still suck me tomorrow?

Tonight with words unspoken, you say that I'm the only one.
But will my cock be broken when the night meets the morning sun?

I'd like to know that your cunt has lips I can be sure of.
So will you tell me, and I won't ask again, will you still suck me tomorrow?

Would You Like To Sit On My Face?

(*"Would You Like To Sit On A Star?"*)

Would you like to sit on my face? Spread your ass all
over the place? Stick my nose in a fragrant space?
Or would you rather suck my HOG?

You Can Sit On My Face

(*"Red River Valley"*)

You can sit on my face if you love me,
You can sit on my face if you care.
Let me stare up your red river valley,
Run my tongue through your soft pubic hair.



Yo-ho

(“When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again”)

I put my hand upon her toe, yo-ho, yo-ho,
I put my hand upon her toe, yo-ho, yo-ho,
I put my hand upon her toe, she said, “Young fighter pilot, you’re way too low,
Get it in, get it out, quit fucking about,” yo-ho, yo-ho.

I put my hand upon her knee, yo-ho, yo-ho,
I put my hand upon her knee, yo-ho, yo-ho,
I put my hand upon her knee, she said, “Young fighter pilot you’re teasing me,
Get it in, get it out, wuit fucking about,” yo-ho, yo-ho.

I put my hand upon her thigh, yo-ho, yo-ho,
I put my hand upon her thigh, yo-ho, yo-ho,
I put my hand upon her thigh, she said, “Young fighter pilot you make me sigh,
Get it in, get it out, quit fucking about,” yo-ho, yo-ho.

I put my hand upon her twat, yo-ho, yo-ho,
I put my hand upon her twat, yo-ho, yo-ho,
I put my hand upon her twat, she said, “Young fighter pilot you make me hot,
Get it in, get it out, quit fucking about,” yo-ho, yo-ho.

I put my cock into her mouth, yo-ho, yo-ho,
I put my cock into her mouth, yo-ho, yo-ho,
I put my cock into her mouth, she siad, “Ugh, umph, ugh, umph, ugh, umph,
Get it in, get it out, quit fucking about,” yo-ho, yo-ho.



When Johnny Comes Marching Home



You Can't Say Shit Hot

You can't say "Shit Hot" in the O'Club. You can't say "Hey, show us your tits!"
The bullshit is getting so deep here, it's up to my fucking armpits.
Fuck off, fuck off, Systems Command, fuck off, fuck off.
Fuck off, fuck off, Systems Command, fuck off, fuck off.



*And stink? Goddamn ptooeey!
Sing one, drink one...Huh!!*

FIGHTER PILOT SONGS

collected by

Greg Gibson

53rd FIGHTER SQUADRON



compiled and illustrated by

Rainer R. Otter, LtCol ret. German Air Force

72nd FIGHTER WING



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